CAST OUT YOUR DEVILS

THE MADURA TAMIL SANGAM

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CHAPTER I

IN CONFUSION

We all want to be free. We try in every way we can think of to obtain liberty. But most of the time we are painfully aware of the fact that we are slaves to our jobs, our marriage vows, our children, the high cost of living, the social ideas around us. We know instinctively that freedom is possible. We have been educated from childhood to believe in it; but now as grown men, when we should be enjoying it, we are apparently still as far from happiness as ever. Most of us desire this boon as we long for nothing else.

Everywhere about us we see pain. We feel it ourselves, and we constantly hope the future will contain less of it. At rare intervals, we experience pleasure and even joy, and it is these fleeting glimpses of what life could be that encourage us to continue our search.

Although we are prone to justify all our actions, no matter how much pain they bring us, we all possess an instinctive belief that to know ourselves better would deliver us from our troubles. We have to live with ourselves. There is no possible way of escape from this fact of life. Associates we can evade, but ourselves never. To make friends with ourselves would therefore

seem an essential thing to do. Nothing is of any value, as far as we are concerned, unless we are able to enjoy it. Internal conflict makes all real enjoyment impossible. We must be on friendly terms with our own natures before we can offer any friendship worthy of the name to anyone else.

We know how difficult it is to understand the underlying motives of the people we meet every day. Under their camouflage of attitudes and actions is the real nature pursuing its desires as well as it can. It is not free to do as it wills, but it is driven by the ignorance of society and the egotism of the individual to all sorts of expedients which are utterly contradictory to its real purpose. When we deal with such people, how much more successful we would be if we had some suspicion of what their real intentions were. And how much more free we would be if we knew our own purposes. Usually our real desires are hidden deeply from ourselves, and protected from the other fellow by all sorts of deceptive words and actions.

For instance, there is the idea, very popular to-day, that you make a friend when you shake a man by the hand and tell him he is a very fine fellow. According to this adolescent philosophy, your new-found acquaintance is *naïvely impressed by your wisdom in reading* his character, and immediately begins to admire you. This beautiful relationship of mutual esteem is supposed to grow through the years, although it is based on nothing more solid than flattery of the ego. That this process works with such success is an illustration of the real state of confusion in which we live, both about

ourselves and the people we meet. It is a pure salesmanship philosophy, and it masks under the guise of friendship a determination to make the other fellow sign on the dotted line, whether it is to his interest or not. This camouflage of real intention is only a surface example of the many and devious ways our egotism attempts to deceive others, and indirectly ourselves.

The Bruce family lives in a suburban town. Father Bruce has travelled daily to the metropolis for twenty years. He lives in a Dutch gambrel house similar to hundreds of others that line the straight streets of the town. He has a car. His wife has presented him with three children: Ethel, who is nineteen, a strikingly pretty blonde; Rufus, a moody boy of seventeen; and Dick, fifteen, who has lots of friends and is on his way to be captain of his school football team. Mrs. Bruce dresses in the latest fashions, which somehow accent the plump ineffectuality making its appearance on her face.

Father Bruce is extremely restless. He must be doing something at all times, and when he talks to you, it is a disjointed conversation punctuated by getting up to poke the fire, sitting down, getting up again to find his pipe or glasses, rattling the evening paper. He is apparently driven by some internal compulsion, which never allows him to relax. Golf is a passion of his, and when he is at home with nothing to do, a detective story is always in his hands.

Bruce accepts his wife as a useful appendage around the home, but never shows much interest in her, a fact

which deepens the lines of futility on her face. He does take an interest in Ethel and her fresh beauty, but she worries him. The boys flock about her, and what irritates father Bruce is the fact that she always chooses the most frivolous ones to go out with. She's seldom in at night before 2 A.M. and no amount of expostulation from her parents will change this behaviour. She goes right on doing as she pleases, knowing well that a little coaxing will always bring the old man around. In and out of engagements is her favourite sport, and, strangely enough, the boys seem to like it. The idea of love obsesses her, but she never wants to get down to details.

Father Bruce doesn't know what to do with Rufus. The boy has no friends and insists on spending his time reading books on Communism and sex. His father thinks this is all indecent, and has told Rufus so on many occasions. The result of these efforts has been negligible, and has only served to make clear the basic disagreement between the two.

Bruce is proud of his son, Dick, who seems to him the kind of boy who is going to succeed. Everybody likes him, particularly the boys, and, while his father realizes that Dick knows it, he feels this attribute as a distinct asset. Once, however, Dick had caused his father a good deal of anxiety. An Italian shopkeeper had had him arrested for stealing cigarettes and chocolate. Father Bruce had suffered ignominy when he had to appear in court about the case. The subsequent lecture which he delivered to the young law-breaker was a classic of sacred words spoken in a profane way.

Dick promised to be good, but every once in a while would break out with some act of violence very disturbing to his parents.

No one in the Bruce household understood himself or any other member of the family. The cause of the frictions which they exerted on each other was simply this lack of understanding. Every family is just such a mixture of individuals striving for happiness without knowing the methods by which to obtain it, and therefore creating tensions that hinder their efforts as they combat those of the other members of the group. Father Bruce did not know why he had lost interest in his wife, why Ethel could wheedle him into agreeing with what she desired, what was the cause of his opposition to Rufus, or why Dick appealed to him more, even though he had caused him more actual discomfort. He did not realize how tense he had become and how little rest and satisfaction he got out of life. He believed that life came that way, that fate decreed these strange frictions between individuals, and nothing could be done about it. His conduct was a form of slavery to destiny, to the *status quo*, that was anything but the sign of a free man. The slightest inquiry on his part regarding the reasons behind the actions of his family would at once have begun to free them and him from some of the errors they considered the normal, unavoidable difficulties of life.

Most of the troubles caused by any situation are attributable to the people in it. There are few of us who are not restricted by the unfortunate qualities of

somebodv's disposition. Human nature is full of surprises. We have come to expect that they will be mostly irritating, but we are sometimes astounded to find that this is not true as we become aware of some gentle and loving act from another. As soon as we think we understand disposition or character, it immediately shows us new qualities we had not believed possible. The ugly girl turns out to be the beauty of the family, the child humorist becomes a dull, factual man at forty. There is no predicting the possible ways life can take.

Since it is such a mysterious business, the man who wants to understand it must try to clear his mind, to free himself of all obsessions that hinder his vision. Many attempts have been made to do this, but in general they have been unsuccessful because they have followed the method of introspection. This has always led to confusion. To-day, however, new methods are available.

Modern techniques do not advise a probing about in the gloom of the unconscious depths to find out the principles of your character. You may easily lose yourself there. The new methods are very different and not at all complicated. They consist of bringing light into the darkness. You do not see yourself as you may be at some particular instant, but as the product of a series of situations beginning at your birth. Everything about you is objectified as much as possible and the attempt is made to interpret these specific happenings.

You are seen as responding to the series of situations as

best you could with the knowledge you had at the time. When you failed to receive joy from an experience, you try to find the cause. The analysis shows you how your habits were formed, how your opinions and beliefs are the result of these experiences. You look back upon the drama of your life, see its many significant scenes and begin to draw your emotional portrait. Your basic character has acted in each scene. Its failure and frustrations are noted, its successes and the consequent joy appreciated. The more you ponder over this drama, the more you see the causes of your failures and the reasons for your successes. This is the method of modern self-analysis. It is a fascinating and immensely productive occupation.

One thing must be clearly understood before you can justly appreciate the values of this biography. It is that you have hidden your real motives from others and from yourself. You must realize that this is because the customs and traditions of the world have collided with your desires and made this concealment necessary. To free yourself from this camouflage, you must recognize it for what it is. You must also know that you approach your study of yourself from a biased viewpoint.

Your first instinctive feeling is to believe no evil of yourself. This is right because no blame can be attached to your ignorant acts. But evil acts and acts that brought evil upon you are different things. You will find plenty of your experiences whose effect upon you was hurtful in the extreme. Your own instinctive actions in certain settings have injured you. Be

impersonal enough to recognize these harmful actions, for only so can you free yourself from a repetition of their bad effects. Slowly but surely from this impartial self-study will come a knowledge of what you are and a more profound evaluation of what you may become when liberated from your present biases.

A man who has once looked upon himself from this standpoint can never believe that to-morrow will be like to-day, or even that he will be able to recognize himself in ten years' time. For this is a freeing glance, one which liberates the truly dynamic forces in a man's nature.

You are not the sum of your bad habits, or the present way your character shows itself. You are a combination of untold possibilities, of unused energy, and it is your job as a modern man or woman to release these to their fullest intensity. This is the way to a life full of happiness and accomplishment.

Each succeeding age seems to ask more of the people who live in it, each one demands that we find our own particular solutions to the questions it asks. Men have been facing world changes since the time of Adam. There is nothing extraordinary in our present situation, it is simply different from all which have preceded it. The Druid priests with their incantations met their dilemma with some success. The Greek mysteries did the same thing. All the great religious teachings of the past helped men to emerge from their confusion. For every age there is a different method, a unique solution of the particular problems of that period.

Our age is predominantly a scientific one. The

words of Christ are not scientific enough to catch the ears of our time. We want to know the reason *why*, we will not accept general admonitions about *how* to live. We desire proof, experimentation, practical methods and techniques that have stood the test of experience and will give immediate and objective aid.

We want to know how Christ accomplished His miracles, what methods He used—not to have them described for us without explanation. When we read that He cast out devils, we ask: "Who were the devils and how? How did He free people from them?"

Nothing will satisfy this age except concrete and thorough explanations of the real reasons for our errors, and the actual methods which will free us from them. We want to know why we are in conflict with the customs and traditions that have been handed down to us, what are the mechanics of the family situation, how we can tell when we are really in love, what is the reason for fear, how we can get rid of pain, how know ourselves and for what practical reasons is this necessary?

When we hear that someone has been cured of a strange disease, we want all the details of the cure.

For instance, a woman suddenly loses the use of her legs and can't move them, and we find no trace of organic disease. No longer do we give up hope for her cure as would have been the case fifty years ago. We now examine her emotional life carefully to find an instance in which some pyschic shock may have occurred to her. When this is determined, we make her see how her fear was aroused on this occasion, and when this is

properly brought to her attention her inner rigidity is released and she is able to walk again.

We are questioning all the institutions under which we live, and which in a different period would have been accepted on faith. We will accept nothing to-day until it has been proved to us by a long series of tests scientifically conducted.

This sceptical attitude is a healthy one, and in its searching analysis of our inherited ways of life many of the errors of the past are being made clear. New ways of handling the old problems are being discovered. New possibilities of life are being realized, and at a time when the doctrine of autocratic power is engulfing the governments of all nations. This threatening phenomenon we recognize as one of the many obsessions which hinder the progress of the race. We do not accept it as inevitable, for we know that it can be cured, that there is a vitality in the race mind which will not allow it to continue for ever. To this and every other problem we face there is an answer. The human spirit is on the march seeking the new solutions to its problems, solutions that are being increasingly applied to-day.

CHAPTER II

LOST IN FAIRY TALES

If you have ever lost your way in the country at night, and have fumbled in the dark and bruised yourself colliding with one object after another, you know you have had a feeling of despair and you have doubted whether you would ever get out of the woods.

At such a time you long for any light, for something to guide you. Without it your struggle seemed hopeless. You recall how easily you made your way through these same woods when the sun was lighting your path.

Centuries ago Dante began his great drama of Heaven and Hell with a description of just such a human situation. He seemed to himself, in middle life, to be lost in a dark wood with the way out impossible to see. Something within him forced him on, and before he won his way through he had explored all the Hells and witnessed all manner of people who were obsessed by Devils.

Again and again in history men have come to middle life with such a sense of confusion. This mood of frustration is apparent in Liszt's *Les Preludes* and again more dramatically in the *Heldenleben* of Strauss. Noth-

ing is closer to the common consciousness of millions than this feeling of having lost our way in life.

We have all passed through our own special Hells, and been brought face to face with our individual devils. Only a few of us have the experience of Dante, who found his way out to the sunlight of a positive state of mind. But we all want to, as we desire nothing else in life.

When we read the great dramas of literature we consider them far removed from everyday life; yet is it not a fact that they belong as much to our common experience to-day as to classical literature? Isn't it because we are caught in Hells, obsessed by Devils, that these great symbolic works of art make such an appeal to us?

As you read Goethe's *Faust*, or hear Gounod's version of it sung, don't you say to yourself, "Mephistopheles is only a mythical figure. What has he to do with me?" Think carefully. Haven't you been tempted to possess Marguerite, and many times struggled against the barbaric forces of your nature? Are the desires of Faust really foreign to you?

Let us look at a few of the Hells that modern men and women get into. Let's watch a few devils at work—twentieth-century devils—and see if finally we cannot discover the great king of all of them, and learn what he is and how he tortures modern men.

Here, for instance, is a man in a little Hell of his own. He is tortured by a desire to possess every personable woman he sees. Maddened by the fact that this is physically impossible, he nevertheless dashes

wildly around the landscape unable to give his attention to anything else. He is torn between two opposite feelings about these women who obsess him. If they will have nothing to do with him, he adores their aloof and stainless virtue. Should one of them capitulate to his fascinations, he immediately despises her. He is driven by the hope that he can hold all women in contempt, but lured by another part of his nature which wants to place all women on a pedestal of impossible virtue. Despising himself for his actions and desires, he is continually discouraged because his dreams of delight turn into nightmares. For a man in such a state of mind, there is no rest, no peace, no possible security.

There is an actual case on record of a man who could not have found his life a Heaven, for years of failure and despondency finally forced him to strange action. His pain became so great that he had to do something about it, and his wife was the natural victim of his rebellion. He told her he would never say another word as long as he lived, and actually kept this vow for twenty years. Most people suffer their torments without publicity, but a few are driven to some dramatic action such as this.

John Jay Chapman was so thoroughly under the control of a deep and undeserved feeling of guilt that when he had a serious quarrel with a friend, this feeling took complete charge of him and forced him to a terrible act of self-torture. He deliberately burned the hand that had struck his friend. A little knowledge of himself, and a little information about the actual

causes of the disagreement, would have kept him from this tragic attempt to solve his difficulties by objective means. A devil had control of him, which, at the time, he was powerless to exorcise.

When the deep and basic disagreement between the two natures of Vincent Van Gogh and Gaugin reached a point of violence, and Van Gogh attacked Gaugin with a knife, no one could say that Vincent was in control of himself. Nor in another way was Gaugin, as he added one insult to another and drove Van Gogh to a state of excitement that resembled madness. Undeserved guilt then took complete command over Vincent and resulted in a strange act of self-mutilation. He cut off his ear and sent it to a prostitute.

The types of self-punishment that people suffer from are almost as numerous as the individuals who undergo them. They can, however, be classified into general broad groups of maladjustment.

There is the rich young man who marries into the chorus of the musical comedy much against his family's will. With the proper publicity, the marriage is duly annulled after a year or so. His sister, the young heiress, follows out the same pattern when she elopes with the handsome family chauffeur. These are pathetic attempts to escape from the Hells of *ennui* of their sheltered lives.

Dependence of children on parents is the most common form of this punishment, which works both ways, for the parents are equally dependent upon their children. They offer money in return for complete devo-

tion, something they find more necessary to them than their surplus cash. Many children remain in a state of dependence all their lives, and the devils who pursue them take from them all their native vigour and forbid them the creativity that is their birthright.

The hypochondriac has a devil located in the pit of his stomach, who churns the food around and produces all the bizarre symptoms these sufferers experience. The man who thinks he cannot digest anything is in a Hell of self-punishment not very different from the one who actively tortures himself.

Sickness can always be used as an alibi for work not done, and there are many people who are so low in energy that they love their disease. It is not hard to locate the devil here. Any person who is forced to seek attention by the expedient of going to bed with nausea and a sick headache, is finding his life anything but a pleasurable experience.

It is often difficult to tell the reality of life from the dream about it. Which, for instance, in the following case of the two parts of a man's life, is phantasy and which is reality?

Old John Larrimore was seated close to the fire. He loved its warmth now. Eighty years and a cold winter night, he thought, didn't go so well together, but a fire was good. He dozed in the heat and woke suddenly wondering where he was. In that brief time he had returned in a dream to an episode in his youth. He had seemed to be in a crowded room, and at the far end had seen Ruth in a white dress—the only

girl he had ever loved. As he started eagerly towards her, people had continually sprung up between them. He could never get nearer to her, no matter how fast he went; there were always people between them. He shouted her name; she smiled and waved to him. Beginning to run, he fell down among the legs of the crowd and awoke. Tears were in his eyes, and a great feeling of sadness filled him.

The dream started a flood of reminiscence. He remembered that Ruth had married someone else, after he told her he must make £1000 a year before he could think of marrying. He had taken this advice from his father—who had married on £160. At the time, he had considered himself wise, and in the rush of his business life had forgotten her almost completely. But now his feeling was as fresh as if he had parted from her yesterday.

He thought of his early career in business, his rise in the bank, his first big sale of shares to that rich widow from the West with whom he had been intimate. He reviewed his break with her. She had loved him, but he—he was all business. Funny how easy it had been for him to sell bonds to women.

He thought of his own marriage to a girl rich in her own name. Her money he had used with profit, but the mating had been otherwise barren. Each had finally found a separate life, and their relationship had become one of politeness and complete lack of interest.

The homesick feeling again poured through him. What had his life got him, anyway? A package of bonds in the vault, gout and a complete sophistication.

Oh, yes, and a feeling of power. The tears came again. What a fool he was becoming! Hadn't he lived his life? The image of Ruth came again before him. No, he had the strangest conviction that he had missed life completely. Never at any point had he enjoyed its real impulse. Love, joy, ecstasy, children, work that could absorb him, had all passed him by. He had always taken the second-hand object instead of the real thing.

Old John Larrimore sat in his chair by the fire. He wanted back his youth, the birthright he had never accepted. He longed for the things the poorest man can have, but which he could—never.

Whichever was the reality or the dream of this man's life, it is a fact that his living of it had produced no joy whatever. When he reviewed it, his feeling was one of complete futility and pain.

So many of us are doing the same thing in a different fashion, thinking that our everyday life is a dream from which we will awaken to a happy future, or believing that the sad and painful affair we call our existence is all we can ever hope for. Many more of us live in these phantasies than ever face the facts of life around us.

We have built up a vast store of fairy tales, folklore and mythology springing from this day-dreaming quality of our minds. Some of this is very beautiful, and expresses the aspiring energy of the human spirit. But mostly in our fancy the dragons, the devils, the witches and the sorcerers are everywhere, showing

how earnestly and truly man believes that these creatures exist.

There is no question but that they do live and produce their havoc in our lives every day. We have only to glance over the fairy stories of the race to see how accurately such demons are depicted there. The story of the brave little tailor, who was able to kill seven at a blow and for a long time impressed his friends with his mighty prowess, is, of course, a story of a human state of mind. This little man did a lot of boasting, and was only brought down to reality when it was discovered that the seven at a blow meant flies instead of men. Jack the giant-killer is another example of this most profound desire of the human race to excel.

The story of Cinderella, which has been used more than any other as a basis for literature, is again a variation on the same universal theme. The family drudge is treated with contempt by the other members, is considered of no account whatever. But concealed under the ill-fitting clothes are qualities that Prince Charming is on the look out for, and he has the vision to see them when his eyes falls upon Cinderella. Then comes the transformation, virtue is rewarded, the elder sisters are filled with jealousy and anger. This is the old, old story of the underdog, to which the heart of the human race has always responded. All modern writers understand this fact, and with a little variety they repeat the Cinderella story over and over again with practically universal success.

Beauty and the Beast is a different theme, but not too far removed. This is the story of love, the beautiful

maiden in the power of the beast, who really is the prince in disguise. Here is the horror of pure animal desire finally exorcised by the human being within who loves the girl with a sensitivity beyond brute passion.

These stories, which are told again and again in different forms, are nothing but symbolic representations of human states of mind. The Greek story of Midas, who rescued Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, and after feasting him for ten days, returned him to Bacchus, is a bit of mythology that should be studied more than it is to-day. In reward Bacchus offered Midas anything he wished, and Midas asked that everything he touched should be turned to gold. The wish was granted and Midas was happy for a time—until he tried to eat something. When food also turned to gold, he begged to be released from his wish, and Bacchus finally granted his request. This, of course, is a recognition, which man has always had, that too much emphasis on gold makes life lose its flavour. In this case, Bacchus was not the devil; he was simply the instrument through which the devil inside of Midas worked.

There could be no devils, of course, except in relation to the special qualities of each individual man, for we are beginning to realize that evil cannot be defined except as the opposite of positive life. The devil as the worker of evil cannot have reality if he is not seated in the life of a particular man or woman.

Our Puritan forefathers were right. There are devils and there are Hells. Their error was in trying to describe them as one great, impersonal figure and one

terrible, fiery Hell located in a particular spot in the universe. Our forefathers often tagged their fellow-men with the qualities of the devil, and they tried to compensate for this holier-than-thou attitude by setting good and evil apart as absolutes. Their failure in happiness, which was very great, was in exact proportion to their impersonalizing of good and evil. To-day we know that what is one man's food is another's poison, that an action right for one man may be absolutely wrong for another, and that no impersonal concept of good and evil, which seeks to apply one rule to all men, is capable of explaining the evolution of man.

Every case of human behaviour is to-day beginning to be judged separately, and while principles are laid down, their application varies with the individual. This advance has been accomplished by the most momentous discoveries that man has made in a thousand years. He has at last come to grips with his devils and has seen for the first time the topography of his Hells. He is well on his way towards getting rid of these terrible hindrances to his progress—for the first time in history he knows his devils by name. Modern psychology has performed a miracle for him, has shown that the way out of despair and darkness lies in this direction for our age.

CHAPTER III

THE NEW DRAGON-SLAYER

There is not a man living who does not justify his general conduct of life as being a worthy one. He feels he is trying to do his best and that when he fails the cause of his lack of success is outside of himself—the depression, war, the unjust social order, his poverty, his lack of education, the evil intentions of the people around him. He never fails to find a million reasons that stand in the way of his accomplishment, and he usually blames everything and everybody but himself.

His failure in love is almost always laid at the door of his wife's shortness of temper, her impracticality, extravagance, coldness—there is no limit to the good and sufficient reasons for his unhappiness in this relationship. In work he finds an equally plausible number of obstacles which keep him from an adequate reward for his services. This includes, among many others, the injustice of his boss, the depression, the interference of the government with business, the constant change of styles, strikes, unemployment, sickness—here again the objective difficulties in the way of success are legion.

He is sure he is trying hard to succeed and that there

is nothing more a human being can do than he is doing. After years of these attempts a feeling of depression takes hold of him which gradually undermines his energy and stamps on his face that look of frustration so common in the world to-day.

Henry Simonds is a perplexed-looking man in his fifties. He holds a good position in a manufacturing concern and has raised a family of six children who love him loyally. For years his job has been the same and he has apparently no chance of bettering it. He does not understand why he cannot get ahead. He tries hard. During the years he has been in this static business situation, his anger at his employer has constantly increased. He has released this rage in his home life until all his children and his wife are his violent partisans, who consider his employer as an ogre of tremendous proportions.

Henry obtains a false satisfaction from the indignation of his children which reinforces him in his attitude of opposition to all the ideas of his boss. Naturally the employer wants co-operation from his subordinate. He is patient because of Henry's long years of service. But finally Henry loses his job.

What is the devil that has influenced him for so long? Is it the bad business conditions, the injustice of the employer, the external reasons which Henry considers the cause of his trouble?

No, the devil is not outside of Henry, but within him, forcing him to conduct that would eventually ruin him. Investigation showed that Henry's trouble was an un-

conscious and general *rebellion at authority.* When someone gave him an order, his first primary reaction was to find fault with the command. The reason for this automatic behaviour was finally located in his childhood, where his father appeared issuing instructions. In Henry's mind anyone who gave him orders became his father and stirred at once his childish feeling of rebellion at the domination of his parent.

The trouble with Henry was not outside him, but within. He had never understood the relation of parent and child, and on that account had remained a psychic child himself, his past continually stepping in to confuse his present action.

This is one of the most common forms of error in thinking with which we are afflicted. It causes the utmost damage in all areas of our lives. Forty years ago we could have done nothing about it. To-day we understand the situation and know what to do. A man can be freed from such a devil, and it is only the discoveries of modern psychology which have made this possible.

For there has come with this practical science a totally new conception of the individual and a modern way of exorcising devils and making man's ancient Hells disappear. The new path is full of hope for any man who desires really to live, because for the first time the practical methods of how to obtain success in his life are in his hands. He no longer has to depend on moral precepts couched in general terms, but has the information at his disposal to learn the meanings

behind his actions, the ways in which his mind can trick him and cause him needless pain.

A revolutionary change has been made in his concept of himself. No longer is he able to believe in the old doctrine of the fall of man. Anyone who looks to-day at the fresh and simple beauty of a child realizes how terribly far from the truth was the Puritan doctrine of infant damnation. The new understanding is based on the idea of character and disposition.

You are a complex mixture of the two qualities. Your blood-stream, your chromosomes, are the reason for your basic character, which may grow, but never change in type, and is handed down to you by your ancestors, from your grandparents back through the generations. Your parents are merely the carriers of this energy which is you.

But these basic trends of yours—mechanical ability, creative energy, wonder about the world, executive skill, social feeling, constructive ardour, nurture, caution, faith, love of truth—have to function in the particular environment in which you happen to be put. The action of this social setting on your character produces your disposition. It is in this struggle between you, yourself, and the world around you that the devils enter your consciousness. It is here that your life becomes a Heaven or a Hell.

An important part of this psychological science of man lies in its complete repudiation of the idea of blame. Little condemnation of another man is possible under the new concept, because he is rightly seen as having been psychically mutilated before he was able to defend

himself. The results of this injury to the natural flowering of his basic character produce his errors in life, but under no conceivable theory can he be considered to blame for them. Life offered him these difficulties in the way of his success. When he doesn't understand what they are, he cannot be condemned for not ridding himself of them. It is like criticizing a child of four because he cannot compete with his ten-year-old brother, or telling him that he is naughty because he would eat nothing but ice-cream if he were the sole arbiter of his appetite.

Blame of one man by another is out of date to-day. We now look upon the savage sadistic condemnation to hell-fire of our ancestors as a doctrine of complete madness. Sanity is returning to the race through the investigations of psychology. Through them we are beginning to live and let live, certain that we have enough work to do on our own errors to keep us so busy we can hardly spare the time to classify and condemn those of others.

Into your hands has been laid this priceless gift of a real and accurate knowledge of yourself. You can take it and transform your life for yourself. You can take it and find joy where before you encountered nothing but pain.

In its present condition psychology offers you the methods which you can use to cast out your devils. Life is all right when you are, and all wrong when you're not. When you are full of devils, life is all wrong. The very idea of Hell is just pain and a disagreeable mode of life. You need methods and

techniques to free yourself from pain, and when this is accomplished, life opens and shows you new horizons you never believed were there.

The place where this battle between your character and environment is joined is your mind. Here is where you must fight to clarify your thinking, to rid yourself of false dependencies, to recognize the meanings behind your actions. You must realize that back of every decision you think you make is its motive power coming from instinctive depths of which you are unaware. When you drift into an occupation or a love affair because it is the easiest way, the reason for this aimless action is a sense of dependence from which you have never freed yourself. If you are over-careful and solicitous about the upbringing of your child, the real cause of this aberration of yours is not love or nurture, but an unconscious sense of your own insecurity which you are transferring to the child.

The father of this great modern movement to free men and women by showing them the exact causes of their many errors of thought is Sigmund Freud. The great impetus of this scientific search into the depths of man's psyche is due to his profound and fertile efforts. To him we owe our knowledge that the mind is divided into conscious and unconscious layers, and that the motive power of all our acts comes from the unconscious, instinctive part of our minds. He has developed an amazing number of techniques designed to probe into these unconscious thought-areas and find out what makes them act as they do. He, the pioneer, has been followed by hundreds of others who have

widened and cleared the trails he blazed, but he stands alone, unchallenged, originator of psycho-analysis.

The dragons could not stand up against the sword which he forged, and they are being slain in increasing numbers to-day. There are few human Hells which he has not charted or pointed the way to. It was he who made the world familiar with the nature of neurosis, a state of mental sickness which a man enters when he does not understand the latent content, as Freud puts it, of his thought. He acts queerly, irrationally, and if the condition becomes serious enough, he begins to show symptoms of bodily disease.

This phenomenon of neurosis is really the form which the battle between a man's character and environment takes. The character cannot function naturally due to the ignorances and pressures of society, so it comes out in a strangely distorted form. And then society, having produced this deformation of character, punishes the unfortunate person. Blame is attached to erratic actions for which the individual is not at all responsible.

We set up, for instance, the institution of marriage and pay little attention to the question of love, which, of course, is the human relationship that marriage is supposed to protect. The average man is given no adequate education for this most momentous experience of his life. He, nevertheless, marries, and when his lack of knowledge of the subject of love causes him to act erratically, he is blamed harshly by society for what it calls his dangerous and evil behaviour.

In any neurosis a man is in the same diseased condi-

tion as he would be physically if he had scarlet fever. No sane parent would blame his child for contracting such a disease or cease to love him because of it. But as neurosis is not yet understood, a man is blamed for this sickness and may even be hated for it. We are now becoming wise enough to realize that we should hate the neurosis, but not the individual beneath it, who is suffering from its effects more than we are.

When an analysis is employed to help a person out of neurosis, a momentous change takes place in the individual. His story is heard sympathetically and without the slightest hint of criticism or blame. Unhappy events in his past life are probed into and for a time he sinks below his normal level of thought. Slowly and patiently he is made to see his actions in their true light and to come to this knowledge of his own accord. Then the psychologist gently guides him to a higher plane of thought where he understands still further implications in these events. Suddenly the sufferer re-sees his situation and his old sense of values changes to a new one. He now views his past and sees the falseness of his guilt over his former actions. He now looks at himself without bitterness or self-blame, and begins to see his life in a true perspective. He has looked his devils squarely in the eye and they no longer terrify him. In fact, one by one they flee, and his thought and feeling are freed, returning to life and filling him with a new and moving energy. He is liberated from the prison of his past, able to see the present for the first time and confidently advance towards the future.

When a man is freed from neurosis, he is born again. The world of suffering, frustration and discouragement, which he had considered all, now no longer exists for him. He is in a new world with wider horizons where joy such as he had never dreamed of is possible. His tense muscles relax, his wrinkles become smooth, his dull eyes come alive and everyone in contact with him feels the new energy radiating from him. For the first time he is seeing the world as it actually is. He is no longer weighed down by old and false values. Life becomes an adventure filled with stimulating possibilities.

There is little hope of happiness for anyone in modern life unless he seeks this new knowledge of himself. We no longer consider the earth flat. It was a mind afflicted with ignorance that refused the knowledge of its actual form. We now know that our minds are full of such disease, that one can't really think until the sickness is eradicated.

Day after day mental tragedies occur. You have perhaps watched some friend become dry and lifeless before middle age, seen your own marriage sink into complete frustration. Your errors in thought can keep you from success in work, from any confidence in yourself, from the pleasures that make life worth living. They can make your body decay physically. Your mind has the psychic dynamite of your emotions under its control. You require the utmost skill to direct this terrific energy. When the dynamite is ignited by a chance spark and cannot properly be released through your mind, it explodes and your body is injured. Your

safety in life depends upon a proper release of the dynamic power of your nature.

Your mind can kill you, kill your wife by demanding her sacrifice to you, kill your child by asking its dependence, kill the girl you love by misunderstanding her purposes. In your mind stands the Devil ready to cause you suffering. When you recognize him for what he is, he vanishes, for the one thing that he cannot bear is truth.

CHAPTER IV

THE DEVILS ARE DISCOVERED

In Somerset Maugham's great novel *Of Human Bondage* (Heinemann), a despondent view is presented of the possibilities of life on this planet. It is a one-sided picture of life, where the devils who torture us are given the centre of the stage. It describes a sick mind in a sick civilization, giving an accurate evaluation of the futility of life when neurosis has control of a man and of society. This is not, according to our philosophy, an accurate picture of life. It is a conception of the death-impulses that imprison a man and hinder him from attaining his birthright.

Thousands of people read this book and lay it aside with a feeling of despair. They accept this penetrating anatomy of melancholy as if it were an accurate reflection of the life they were doomed to lead. There is no answer to suffering to be obtained from this book. To the question " Is there any joy to be had from life? " it answered an emphatic " No." As a bit of clinical study it is important, as an evaluation of life it is highly dangerous, for it is an extremely neurotic study of suffering.

Many married couples who have no adequate psychological knowledge subject themselves to such suffering. Consider the case of Jim and Sarah Edge, who find themselves in a little marital Hell pursued constantly by various devils. They do not realize this fact, and they blame each other because their life is mainly one of irritation. Jim is self-conscious and shy, and hates to leave the home. Sarah loathes the house, and if she could have her way would be attending one party after another. Jim doesn't get along at all well with people in any social gathering—especially the women. His wife does, particularly with the men, and that's why she likes parties.

Sarah is always bored and irritable when they spend the evening at home, and Jim's feeble attempts to alleviate the situation are always met with sarcasm. The growing dissatisfaction of the two has entered their love relation and Sarah has become cool and cynical about it, an attitude that lacerates Jim's pride and makes him sullen and resentful. Neither one will take the least forward move in conciliation. Jim finds himself dragged morosely to dinner-parties, where his self-consciousness makes him utterly uninteresting.

And then another man, Eric Bartol, steps into the picture. Sarah finds him stimulating, particularly so because of the *ennui* that her married life has produced. She has, however, a secret dependence on her husband which hinders her from going too far in the new direction. She doesn't realize this, and thinks that it is her innate virtue which is protecting her. So she goes just far enough to make Jim jealous and so tortured by his

pride that he is in a constant state of brooding melancholy.

And then the first blow is struck. Driven beyond endurance one evening by Sarah's frigidity and constant sarcasm, Jim strikes her, and immediately the contest between them begins its more desperate stage. This is cruel and abusive treatment, and the State recognizes such an act as grounds for a separation. Yet both fight shy of coming to the point of actually asking for divorce. They hang on to their misery, and each seeks in every subtle way known to those bound in a close relation like marriage to add to the torture of the other by words, looks and actions. Their life is now a veritable Hell, which they hate utterly and yet cling to. Their devils have complete control over their freedom and hope of happiness.

Finally in desperation they go to a psychologist to see if there is anything in the new ideas they have vaguely heard about. Their contact with the subject has been negligible except for a few phrases bandied about the dinner-table by people who had no true conception of what they were talking about.

The psychologist listens calmly to their story of frustration and recrimination, offering no criticism whatever and asking questions about their childhood that seemed totally incongruous to them. After the first consultation, he asks that they each come to see him separately, which they agree to do.

From the information he receives from them, he gradually makes both aware of the identity of the devils that control them. It is only after a long series of

interviews that he feels it an opportune time to let them know the names of their torturers. By that time each has moved a little from the defensive and is emotionally ready to face the cause of the trouble.

Jim found out that he was suffering from gynephobia, a fear or hatred of women. He realized that he had never loved his wife or made any attempt to do so, for he was still clinging to the infantile idea of woman his mother had given him in the early years of his life. This feeling of his was a dependence, an insecurity about himself, which demanded from any woman an unnatural nurture and solicitude, something no normal woman could bring herself to give to a man. If one could be found who would do this, she would really be offering him the greatest possible insult to his manhood. He learned that such a person would be so sick herself from her father-fixation that her emotional immaturity would be a tremendous hindrance to his development.

Every point of disagreement with Sarah was patiently explained from an impersonal attitude, and there gradually formed in Jim's mind an entirely new conception of what their quarrels had meant, and how his ignorance of himself had contributed to make and intensify these altercations. He began to see that he wasn't to blame for his troubles and that Sarah was equally innocent. For the first time in his life he commenced to see Sarah as she really was, and a strangely new and tender feeling took hold of him. He was beginning to fall in love with his wife for the first time.

Sarah, meanwhile, was making the same startling

discoveries. She was learning the meaning of her coldness and sarcasm, the cause of her flirtation with Eric and its half-hearted qualities. The name of her disease, she was told, was androphobia, a hatred and fear of men, caused by the aloof attitude of her father when she had felt her first love for him at the age of four. Ever since, she had carried this wound in her heart, and she secretly despised all men because one of them had once made her suffer.

When the entire irrationality of this attitude of hers became plain, she could never feel it again with the same sharpness. There would, of course, be regressions back towards the old attitude, the psychologist told her, but these would become less and less serious and never at any time would they approximate her previous conduct. She came to see her episode with Eric in its right light as inspired by a hatred of both Eric and her husband and a hope to give them each pain.

Sarah did not feel very proud of her behaviour, but, like Jim, she did not blame herself or him for their troubles. And as the cramped little world that she had considered all that existed began to expand into a greater one with far horizons, due to the illumination of the new ideas, she commenced, for the first time, to see her husband's proportions and began to love the strange new person with whom she found herself living.

These two young people had been freed by modern psychology from a little Hell of their own manufacture, and from devils which, were it not for their ignorance, would never have existed. From that time on life

became a new experience for them, an adventure in which they could go forward with confidence. No matter what difficulties the savage state of the outside world set before them, they were now inwardly prepared for them, with all their senses sharpened by their new awareness of the world. They could see more clearly, hear more accurately, feel more deeply and act more intelligently in the face of these obstacles.

The old idea of devils being fallen angels is based on psychological truth. The innocent child meets the experience of the world and becomes a victim of its machinations. His actions then bring pain to himself and to all he comes in contact with. When he extricates himself from these delusions of the objective world, he becomes a free man, innocent again, but this time with a knowledge of what innocence means. He sees that there are higher and lower forms of experience, that every emotion of which he is capable can have a higher and a lower expression. The sex impulse can be either lust or love, the rage impulse either angry self-seeking or courageous effort. There was no chance of happiness for Jim and Sarah until their devils were cast out.

Here is a man who is extremely critical of the actions and ideas of others. He can't understand why the rest of the world is so stupid. He gets a feeling of power and position from what he considers his discriminating attitude. But he never finds happiness that way. He is possessed by a devil who gives him boredom and pain until he drives it out. His wit is used against the world, and for the subtle elevation of his own

egotism. There are none of the warm juices of life flowing through his veins, and there will be none until he has rid himself of his secret perfectionism and unjust habit of blame.

You do not have to go far to find some form of jealousy. It may be a brutal lack of trust which a man has for his wife, or perhaps it shows itself in the subtle way he will disparage one whom he considers a possible rival for power. It is a common devil and is devastating in its effects in the world to-day. It is always an expression of negative fear and hatred. This is most apparent when Tony Arabella stands with his smoking automatic in his hand near the body of his slain girl, weeping and muttering, " She didn't love me." You have more difficulty detecting it when you watch the business tycoon as he says suavely to his competitor, who is in a jam and needs a little loan to allow him to carry on, " I'm sorry, old man, but at this particular time my Board of Directors have forbidden all loans."

Wonder about the world we live in is a primary and compelling urge of the human race. But when it is found in its lowest expressions of gossip and peeping, it is a devil indeed. The women who must know all the details of the private affairs of their neighbours and friends, particularly if they are discreditable, are seeking a dubious sort of superiority. The delight they take in the sexual or sadistic qualities of such affairs is a perversion of their own instincts which they do not dare to liberate except in this lascivious fashion. It is a variety

of psychic peeping totally lacking in energy and altogether vicious.

Robert Black is the head of a small manufacturing business. He makes a fairly good thing out of it and thanks God for His kindness—he is reputedly a deeply religious man. In his church he is a leader and the rest of the congregation consider him on the direct path to the pearly gates. Black presents an urbane, humble exterior to the world and is known for the countless favours he does for people, the trouble he will take to help them. He expands under their gratitude. But in his business he appears in a different light. Here is the same benevolent manner, the sweet and saintly expression, but underneath there is a hard, relentless spirit, which understands how to subdue his subordinates by letting them know suavely how unnecessary they really are to the success of the business. Behind the beautiful show-window is an iron determination to rule. Black is in the control of the devil of hypocrisy, who makes his victims say one thing and do another.

In all the countless contests for social prestige and supremacy is a species of fear or hatred. The social climber is so insecure himself that he must have the right sort of companions who will give him the background he thinks he needs. He does not seek them for friendship's sake, but as he would search for money or any other asset which would distinguish him from the common herd. They are the sign of his success. If he lost the prestige of attending the correct dinners and week-ends, he would be jittery, thrust back upon his

own barren nature for companionship. To a person in such fear this would be unthinkable. The devil of social preferment never lets go his hold on a man or woman. He drives them day and night to their continual and grotesque striving for the protection of a chosen group of people.

More basic than these devils stands one monster who enters into all the others and motivates them—pride of the ego. This is the black devil who utterly confuses us, turns us against our better impulses and gives us our deepest pain. He creates a fake belief in our abilities, a personal satisfaction in our position, our noble blood, the power which our cleverness has been able to obtain for us. He deludes us into feeling personally responsible for these successful qualities. In its essence this is sadistic and cruel in the extreme. No one under such an influence is a living person, but is desperately fighting against the healing powers of life.

Two young people, Polly and Ernest, are in love—at least their chromosomes are chemically convinced of this fact. But Polly has her pride, which is not at all convinced. It finds its reason for being in her wealth, her long line of ancestors—the subtle manners and customs of her rank, which are so different from those of the *bourgeoisie*. Ernest has had none of these advantages, his growing has been done outdoors instead of in a hot-house. His weak spot is an unconscious fear of this aspect of Polly's nature, although he has a deep conviction that underneath this brilliant exterior of hers is the sweetheart he has been looking for.

Polly's pride immediately senses this flaw in Ernest's armour, and doubts his ability to understand the finer points of her masquerade. The course of their love runs against this rock. It can be successful only when Polly realizes that her pride is making her go against nature, and when Ernest is aware of the fact that his fear is being aroused by an illusion which is not the woman he loves, but the way her upbringing has attempted to conceal her from him.

Our devils bring us nothing but pain. They are man-made obstacles to living a natural life and are caused by our ignorance. Each one of us has a deep instinctive dislike of pain—Nature has placed this warning of a wrong way of living in us so that we may not continue on that path. Pain is Nature's way of telling us that we are in error, joy her assurance that we are living in obedience to her laws. Everyone wants joy and hates pain. But the history of the human race is full of the most ignorant and bizarre attempts for happiness and the elimination of pain.

The Anchorite who tortured his body in a cave for twenty years felt that he was on his way to spiritual joy because his lack of desire had become a habit. Such a suppression of the urges of the organism could only produce an anaemia of the spirit, which this mad searcher for happiness, in his weakened physical condition, mistook for real joy.

Modern psychology is the first practical attempt of man to find the joy in life which is his birthright. Most other attempts have been unscientific and inefficient. This is no mystic approach to the subject, nor does it

err on the objective side of life, as most of the former efforts to obtain joy have done. It believes that the average man can use definite methods and obtain help; can, in fact, help himself. And it is confident that this practical knowledge presented now in a form that each one of us can use, is the active agent in a revolutionary change in man's thought—one that will alter the face of his world for him.

CHAPTER V

EVERYONE'S IMPS

Charles Moss is professor in a provincial university. Instead of becoming more successful as he grows older, his courses are being elected by few. He wonders why this is so. He also wonders why his wife is away so much, hardly ever at home. Remembering both his original interest in history and the exciting phases of his romance, he is at a loss to explain the change in each.

Now, there are several things the matter with Charles Moss' mind of which he is unaware, except for the pain they bring him. They are all parts of his great fault, lack of accurate attention. Charles sees nothing as it is; he just lazily takes things in with a careless look of the eye. He never knows what to do about the furnace, the electric lamp that won't go, the bathroom door that sticks. His wife finds this impracticality, as she calls it, hard to bear.

In like manner, Charles' attention to the subject he teaches has dulled with the years. It was sharp when he decided to make history his life-work, but since that first conversion, he has never felt the necessity of keeping the edge of his mind keen. It has become dull

through the years. For instance, Charles has not been interested in contemporary history, and therefore has begun to lose his comprehension of the past events he studied. His classes consider him a dull boy because he never admits that history is going on in the present.

What Charles was doing was identifying himself with his youth, and wishing that he did not have to grow old. This unconscious wish kept him from admitting the present at all, and caused an emotional fixation on the past. Such an error of thinking made him seem dull to his wife and to his classes.

It was a small incident that had brought about all this frustration in his life. He and Edith had been married only a couple of years at the time. They were at the dinner-table. Edith had said half-jokingly, "Charles, you eat like a pig." Immediately a wave of pain had flooded his mind, and a deep and unexplainable dejection seized him. These harmless words were the spark that exploded his repressed emotional dynamite. He never recovered from this hurt to his egotism, and from that moment, strangely enough, his relationship with his wife began to be less cordial.

Charles had associated his wife's words with his experience as a child, and the picture in his mind was charged with emotion—he unconsciously felt that his wife was now beginning to consider him as an infant, and he rebelled. Wasn't he a professor of history in a great university? How could his wife be so lacking in respect, so desirous to hurt him, as to talk to him as if he were a little boy? So went the rationalization of his anger at her words. He had a strange mixture of

feelings—hatred of his wife's unconscious accusation of infantilism, and yet a strong pullback towards the good old days of his childhood. What Charles really did at this point in his life was to cease moving forward with his wife and start the journey back home to his childhood. He lost interest in the present or the future, and the past gradually became his life.

He was not growing then with his wife or his associates, but standing still, marking time, while the rest of the world moved on. Pain was beginning to be his ever-present companion, the blow of the loss of his romantic love relation with his wife, and the torment of watching his career become more and more doubtful—the fear at last of even losing his job because no one wanted to take his course.

Charles Moss was in the hands of a powerful devil—faulty habits of attention. Not only was his objective life hazy and indistinct, but his subjective also. He was the plaything of a conditioned reflex. The psychological significance of this common experience of life was discovered by a Russian psychologist, Pavlov. For nearly thirty years he has been patiently studying the reactions of dogs, and discovering processes which throw light on the actions of human beings. He is the real instigator of the Behaviourist school of psychology which made such a storm in America a few years ago, when Dr. John B. Watson began to publicize its basic idea.

Although the great claims made by the Behaviourists have not been fulfilled, Pavlov still stands as a pioneer in the new psychology. His study was limited to one

particular type of reflex action. A dog secretes saliva when given food. It is his first step towards digesting it. Through all the evolution of the dog, and this is also true of man, he is constantly on the look-out for food. And he is especially susceptible to stimuli that become connected in his association centres with the presence of food. In Pavlov's laboratory were tables, set in a sort of cage. The dog was placed on this table, and to his mouth were attached certain very delicate instruments for the measurement of his saliva. Every time food was put before the dog, a bell was rung. The dog's mouth watered at the sight of the food, and at the same time he heard the bell. After a certain number of repetitions the bell was sounded, but no food was shown with the sound. The dog's mouth, however, watered just as it did when food was shown with the ringing of the bell. In other words, a conditioning has been established. In the dog's brain some form of association, or image, had been created by the presentation of the food with the sound of the bell.

The more significant points of this experiment are that if the bell is sounded without the presentation of food too often, the saliva does not run. The conditioning wears off, so to speak. The dog then has to be conditioned over again. From the point of view of applied psychology this is very important, for we now know that if children have been negatively conditioned, without re-stimulation the effect may wear off. Let us consider a child who has been bitten by a dog, or scratched by a cat. He may have developed a fear

of these creatures. But unless some emotional shock is connected with the episode, and its memory is repressed, the child would get over it, were it not for the fact that often the nurse or mother will call out a warning or scream, or do something to re-create an association of discomfort with the dog or cat in the child's mind whenever the animal appears again.

The method of studying conditioned reflexes developed by Pavlov was later on applied by others to studies of human beings, by the use of electrical shocks to create a retraction-reflex in the hand. The same principle worked if the shock was accompanied by some sound. Later the sound alone without the shock was sufficient to cause the individual to pull the hand back. The Behaviourists have contributed much to this subject. In fact, however extreme the writings of Watson appear, and however far he has gone afield, we must concede that he has made an extremely important contribution to psychology by his experiments. Some of his studies in conditioning were for the purpose of discovering what were hereditary stimuli to primary emotions, and what could be considered environmental.

The devil of bad attention which grows out of negative conditioning is attended by many imps who get into our minds and mischievously raise as much Hell as they can with our thinking processes. We can never achieve freedom until we have recognized these imps who obsess us, for if we do this and realize how they imprison our natural thought, they lose their power to torment us. They can only enter an ignorant

mind, and cause disaster because the owner of that mind is not willing to do the work necessary to get the information to free himself and then do something about it.

The imps who are really the children of Bad Attention are many and various. Each one should be dispossessed from its foothold in the mind. Here they are, with a little description to identify each :

Deflection is the habit of looking at one thing and seeing another: being so attentive to the anger aroused in you by a chance remark that you do not know what the remark means.

Identification is an emotional process by which, for example, you feel the sorrow caused by the death of someone else's father. This is an enormous waste of emotion.

In *projection* you place your prejudices upon other people or things. A certain man may be called a Communist, and if your prejudice against Communists is strong, you consider this man at once as a highly dangerous citizen. The Sacco–Vanzetti case was one of mass projection, where the truth of the case had no chance to be found because the herd aberration was so strong.

Dissociation is a division of the psyche into several disconnected parts. It produces great confusion, uncompleted sentences, irrational change of subject, peculiar actions. Becoming aware of your various divisions of nature and trying to synthesize them is the way out of this state. For instance, a man may have these four natures within him and never know it: a self-indulgent

child, an imaginative poet, a joking, fun-loving elf, a sadistic, cruel, power-mad personality. He is vastly surprised when one of his parts takes command of his attention and produces painful action. For a man usually thinks of one of these parts as his personality and is often unaware of the other personalities. The union of the four and the maturing of the infantile section is the way to end this destructive imp.

Condensation is faulty thinking by which you seize upon the bad elements in a situation and think only of them. After a certain time spent in this effort, your gloom becomes profound and nothing is ever right.

Elaboration is a bad imp, who talks about all the big things you are going to do when you get time for it some day, or makes negative mountains out of mole-hills. This is phantasy-living, day-dreaming, and a long course of it will put you in Never-never-land.

Introjection is the habit of seeing yourself in everything. If suffering from this complaint, you will not wear a suit of clothes because a button is off, or it will cause you pain to ride in your car which needs a washing. You are almost as ashamed as if you needed the bath yourself. A false sense of dignity is prominent in this imp.

Substitution is a placing of our egotism against the facts. We do not want to know the truth of a situation; but we do want to be considered wise, or powerful, or profound. We over-emphasize in this endeavour to be supreme, hoping somehow to change the facts by the anger in our voices.

Rationalization, on the other hand, is a smooth apology

for our actions. We make this apology not only to others, but to ourselves as well. We inwardly know that we are wrong, but would never admit it. For instance, a man will rationalize his fear of money by many beautiful arguments to the effect that money always produces evil, that only the poor are able to think, or act wisely, and so he desires to cast in his lot with the poor.

In *fixation* you look at a particular event in your life from an immovable view-point. The experience becomes static, and you are never able to bring to it another interpretation. It is the childish emotionalism which is connected with the event that gives it this quality. One of the commonest fixations is what psychology has called the mother-fixation. Here the child's conception of love is limited by his admiration for his own mother. She typifies love to him. Until he rids himself of this idea of love, it will always be the same, and hinder any attempts he may make in the direction of a true love-relation.

Regression is always a step backward. You can't view the present accurately because you do not realize that it is moving beyond the moral and ethical ideas of the past. You therefore believe in marriage instead of love, the precepts of the Church instead of the principle of good and evil, your B.A. degree instead of a desire to know the facts of the world around you. No one can focus on the present with any accuracy when he is imprisoned by this false sense of artificial values.

Transference is the placing of abnormal values on fact or events. When this occurs, all your ideas, everything

you do, becomes masquerade. A man in the power of this imp will think he is a good father if he sends his child to a good school and takes great care of its health. In short, he looks upon his child as an object, and lavishes the most objective care on him. The father is engaged in a masquerade which satisfies the opinion of the world completely.

Compensation is a negative desire to make up for what you consider your lacks. If you were poor as a boy, you will try hard for money to show yourself and the world that you were not what they thought. Boasting is a compensation, social prestige is one, ruthless use of power is the same thing. It is one of the most common forms of abnormal thinking.

Resistance is the mental mechanism that contests experience. The ego is so largely involved in it that it gets in the way of any effort. A statement is made by someone, and before there is any time for reflection, an objection is taken to the statement. When resistance is in control of your mind, your first impulse is to object, combat and never to hear the idea through. This is the mechanism that produces conflict, and eventually leads to active bodily disease. It is really an infantile continuation of the resistance of the child to parental domination.

Justification is another form of rationalization. You are not sure enough of your attitude, so that you do not have to defend it. Being inwardly afraid you may be wrong, you outwardly assume an attitude of great certainty and conviction. You announce this or that, and the reasons why they are so. You desire to prove

to others things that you are not at all sure about yourself. You are not interested in justice, but in just defying everyone else.

Involvement is a betrayal of your own integrity by assuming a great many duties and responsibilities that are not yours. The family is the happy hunting-ground of the involvement imp. Here you take on the job of giving happiness to a mother, or a sister, and help them, as you think, by sacrificing your own inclinations. You become emotionally involved in their troubles and feel all the dubious delights of martyrdom. All your emotions become congested until you are a weak imitation of a real living being.

Displacement is a shifting of your real goals in life to false ones. Pain and self-torture are considered good by this false way of life, and pleasure and a real self-release seem selfish and egotistic. The Puritans and their present-day imitators exemplify this grotesque view of life to a superlative degree. Children who sacrifice for parents and parents who do the same thing for children are displaced individuals. When you try to live in social soil that does not give you nourishment, you are out of place and of no real value to yourself or anyone else.

Egocentricity is the love of oneself, the ignorant attempt for self-satisfaction. It is the worst prison we ever get into and its jailer the most cruel. For it is the reverse of the attitude of self-release, and the prisoner of the ego finds himself self-conscious, hypersensitive, self-indulgent and sadistic. He tries to make life conform to his ignorant pattern, instead of himself

becoming an instrument of life. Power is his god, and its ruthless use both mentally and physically his only method.

All these imps of Satan are in one way or another the substitution of the personal ego for the ego as a servant of life, a personal attitude towards every idea and event instead of an impersonal one.

Your freedom in life and mine depend upon how we have liberated ourselves from the terrible stranglehold of our devils, by seeing them for exactly what they are and realizing how they emasculate our lives. Modern psychology offers us techniques with which to combat them. No longer do we have to sit back and say, "This is fate, we can do nothing about it." These mental troubles were fate to our ancestors, but to us they are simply errors in thinking that any man who is in earnest can completely eradicate. A man's fate is to-day seen as in himself. It is defined by his blood-stream and the external processes of nature which fall impartially upon all men.

A hundred years ago it was considered fate if a man was killed by an accident or an incurable disease. To-day, in nine cases out of ten, we know that a motor accident, for instance, is due to faulty attention and could have been avoided. It was not fate. The incurable disease is the product of years of faulty mental attention, the result of devils within the individual, who can be cast out before they have done their deadly work.

Your fate is in your own hands, and you can make of your life a creative experience that a hundred years

ago would have rightly been deemed a rank impossibility. You can, to-day, get out of the psychic prison which has made men look upon the world as a drab place where only suffering was possible.

You can do this by daring to face your mental aberrations and by working on them with a firm desire to be free of them. Life has always taken the course of danger and adventure. It is doing so to-day. If you would taste freedom, you will have to work for it, but you can get it. Your bloodstream is fitted for a certain kind of life, social, economic, spiritual, and it is your duty to find out what that is, and how you can have it. The narrow horizons of the past have been pushed back immeasurably by the modern impact of psychology.

CHAPTER VI

THE HELLS LOCATED

Not all the people who are dead are lying in cemeteries. Many of the men you meet in the street, the women who pass you by leaving an impression of colour and motion, are not really living. They are making the gesture of life, without feeling the energy a living person experiences. We ask ourselves what is the reason for a division of society into two classes of living and dead personalities. The answer psychology makes to this momentous question leads us back inevitably to the mental hells whose function is to keep us from a life-course of action. If we can find out what they are, we will be on the road to discovering the identity of the arch fiend who has built them for our discomfort. What is it that takes away from a man his zest in life and makes him secretly desire to escape from its compulsions? Why does a man shake his head sadly and say that there is no use in effort?

The first and most obvious hell which makes him do this is a state of mind called *inferiority*. Alfred Adler, a pupil of Freud, is the man who discovered this condition and gave it its name. Inferiority is the most

common affliction of all men, and it is probably true that no one has escaped its impact. Adler finds its cause in the attempt of the child in the family to assert its independence. Here it meets the opposition of brothers and sisters and the parents themselves. The first child is enthroned—that is, feels himself the centre of attention. The second child is less likely to be enthroned, but is competitive, desiring to wrest from the first child the love and interest of the parents. A savage struggle ensues in which one child or the other becomes supreme. The loser in this battle, which is both psychic and physical, feels the pain of defeat and retires to a state of inferiority. Many other factors enter into the condition, such as insignificant stature, a homely face, physical deformity, bodily weakness of any sort—what Adler calls organ inferiority—and as the child compares himself to others around him, he feels his lack and becomes depressed on that account.

In later life he turns self-conscious, shy, fearful and ineffectual in all his contacts with the world. Sometimes the state of mind drives him to compensate for it and he becomes great because he so earnestly desires to rid himself of his trouble. This was one of the Hells of Hitler's youth, and his answer is the complete power attitude he is showing to-day. Napoleon and Nietzsche had this impetus to success, and wherever you look you see both the evil and the good arising from this source.

A feeling of *superiority* is the second of these Hells. It is closely connected with the first state of mind, and when the condition is analyzed, it is found to have inferiority as one of its contributing causes. Superior

people have usually been able to be supreme in childhood, have felt themselves stronger than their associates, and from their struggle have developed a feeling of contempt for the weaknesses of others. Louis XIV is a case in point. He had been reared on the assurance of absolute power, and his famous saying, " L'état, c'est mois," epitomizes his feeling of superiority.

Money, position and power are the goals that lure a superiority complex. The disease is one of the most virulent that ever attacks men. Such people are eminently satisfied with their endeavours and can hardly be brought to desire a change to a more natural condition of life.

Another mental Hell is a state of mind called *persecution.* The over-sensitive child is the one most likely to suffer from this aberration. He does not mix so well with his playmates, is considered queer and ridiculed for his variation from the usual characteristics of the herd. He retires into himself, withdraws from the activities of childhood, and comes to feel that the world is against him. In later life he may shun people, or violently oppose the herd spirit. He is a deviate, and when he does not sink into a negative condition of continual anger, he may prove himself a very useful member of society. But until his Hell is completely clear to him, he errs on the fanatical side of life.

Freud has devoted a great deal of attention to clarifying the next Hell, the *nuclear complex* or, as he calls it, the *Oedipus complex.* This is the central situation which causes all the other negative mental states. It is the great triangle of the father, mother and child, and

until a man frees himself from this Hell, he is unable to live in his own right. Here the mother, unable to give her love completely to the father, turns it upon her son or daughter and psychically binds the unlucky child to her with a possessive love of which it may never get free. The father, in his turn, does the same thing. A feeling of dependence is projected upon the child, who is not mature enough to know what is happening to him, and this fake emotion cripples him for his later life in the world. He finds himself unable to make decisions, unable to love, dependent on his family for money, position and, in extreme cases, for his very existence. This is psychic incest, so unnatural a way of life that even savage peoples have invented elaborate taboos against it. They recognize the problem, but civilized peoples ignore it almost completely. No one, however, escapes this primary situation in life and, until it is faced and the individual has a profound desire to be free from it, he cannot live a full life.

Melancholia is a variation of the persecution feeling. This Hell causes brooding and a circular motion of the mind where your depression takes as its theme some trouble which bothers you and plays a veritable symphony of sorrow upon it. You repeat over and over again the same sad strain, and each time you hear it you are plunged into more profound gloom. Finally you come to a point where you are in love with sorrow, and would hate having it taken away from you. Mountains are made of molehills, all difficulties appear impossible of solution and you are content to drift along your hopeless tributary to the Styx.

The great modern Hell is *anxiety*. Hurry, over-efficiency, over-responsibility are the symptoms of this mental state. It is the competitive instinct reduced to its ugly bones. The pressure of a money society has forced us to these fantastic and tense movements which we call the dance of life. If we are not there first, a million others will take the pot of gold from under the rainbow. If we haven't a car that will do a hundred, how can we overtake the other fellow on the hill? A wireless set, a refrigerator, a well-heated house are not luxuries but necessities, for the other man is even now building a completely modern house with a swimming-pool in the cellar. This frantic speed of ours is another variation of circular motion—we are so intent on the speed that we can think of nothing else.

Then there is a strange Hell called *Ambivalence*, which is an inability to decide anything. The cause of this state is an interior conflict between our thought and our feeling. In any normal action thought and feeling are harmoniously combined, but in Ambivalence we are either all thought or all feeling. When we are all thought, we can't do anything—there is no motive power in thought. At other times, as our feeling takes complete charge of us, we act immediately and wildly. There is nothing normal about this behaviour, and a person who acts in this way is considered extremely irrational. This division of attention is a very common human failing, and its effects are disastrous in human relations or any work.

Hysteria is a Hell with its cause rooted in some early misconception about sex. The possibility of the beauty

of this feeling is half believed, but is opposed by a sense of disgust at the whole idea because of some sexual incident witnessed or experienced in childhood and never understood. The symptoms of the hysteric are sexual in character, violent and unrestrained, and these can be precipitated by the most incongruous stimuli. A disgust for certain types of food is common—sour cream, the sight of oatmeal. Loud, sudden noises, idiosyncracies of intimates, will drive the sufferers from this disease into a frenzy of excitement. All this makes life a hard thing to endure, and imposes the necessity for great forbearance on anyone who lives near the hysteric.

The state of mind called *frustration* is a prevalent one to-day. This comes from the pressures of the social order, early poverty or constant opposition from relatives. The child comes to look upon the great powerful forces that are arrayed against it as insuperable obstacles. The impression they make is much more potent because of the youth and ignorance of the child. This is a passive variety of the anxiety complex; there is no madness of hurry here, but a frenzy of indolence, for it is well understood psychologically that indolence is caused by violent emotional disturbances. The Hell of frustration makes its victim bored, hopeless, and takes from him the last bit of initiative. He doesn't get excited, he just sits back and watches everything get away from him, and obtains a variety of sadistic pleasure from his complete ineffectuality.

Sex neurasthenia is a Hell producing a queer breed of individuals who follow three general patterns. They

are inwardly weary of the idea of sex, due to the false way in which it has been disclosed to them in childhood. While their organisms drive them on, they are really apathetic. Some forswear it entirely and never marry or pursue it in any other form. They secretly despise its power over them and by this method prove to themselves that it cannot master them. Their bodies and minds dry up and their ideals become lofty and totally without life.

Their physically more energetic brothers pursue sex without restraint, and lead promiscuous lives. One person does as well as another, and their inner psychic fatigue is evident in such general and not very particular pursuit. This is a strange and sophisticated variation of the hunting instinct, and they obtain a vicarious thrill when they are in at the kill.

The third type combines the characteristics of the preceding two groups. They exemplify what Rank, originally a follower of Freud, has defined as the Madonna–prostitute complex. One half of their natures looks on woman as an angel, beautiful and holy beyond belief. The other sees her as a prostitute, an animal not an angel. They pursue her with this divided attention, and when she complies, they despise her. It is a totally hopeless search, and they obtain nothing but doubt and discouragement from it.

Compulsion neurosis is a Hell which drives its victims remorselessly. They must do this or that, react to an idea in the same fashion always. This is what makes our killers, thieves and criminals. The pressures of society are much to blame for this lamentable Hell, but

it is also empowered by atavistic impulses in our blood. Our Neanderthal ancestors have left a portion of their savage blood in our veins, and the violent destructive acts of our land-pirates are a sad proof of this fact.

The last and most complex of these Hells in which some of us find ourselves is called *Phobia*, which means fear. Every human being is made up of several personalities. The story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is based on a deep and fundamental characteristic of the human organism. We are divided creatures, more or less dead and dangerous when apart, and living and growing when these parts are united into a whole. All of us are aware of certain parts of our personalities, but unaware of the others. When the latter take charge of us, we are surprised and grieved at the mistakes we make and the pain we suffer. This dissociation of the individual makes him often act in a crude and inexplicable manner. Phobia is the inward fear which is felt when a man is unconsciously aware of his divided parts, but consciously totally ignorant of them.

Every child desires to give love to his parents and receive nurture back from them. When he is misunderstood, as is usually the case, he stops growing naturally and recognizes as himself only one personality. The others atrophy and do not grow, and thus carry a deep hurt to his psyche into later life. This is the feeling of rejection that a prematurely broken mother or father fixation places within the psyche. The early confusion that the infant felt is perfectly illustrated by the later dissociation of adult life.

And now the man is ripe for *gynephobia* and the

woman for *androphobia*. Such a male secretly fears all women, while the female is inwardly in terror of all men. Neither one is able to love, and marriages of people afflicted with this disease are tragic affairs. This is the deepest form of hurt to the psyche and the most difficult to cure.

These are the twelve Hells our ancestors felt but didn't understand. We know them now and can get rid of them. They are the states of despair from which all our pain comes, and adjustment to life can appear only when we have faced them and taken active measures to rid ourselves of them. This is the only way to become a living individual. Each Hell is an instrument of death, and as long as we remain in it, some creative part of our nature is being blocked.

The child is born a natural, healthy, human specimen, his character all within him ready for experience. His experience produces his disposition, and is really the birth-pain of his psyche. In attaining maturity, he undergoes a second birth, which is really the coming to form of his psyche. Every saga of the race talks of this birth of the hero, his release from the mother and his consequent great exploits. It is a recognition of that most momentous time in the life of any man when he frees himself from his Hells and begins to live.

CHAPTER VII

THE DEVILS MEET SCIENCE

The great human hungers—for food, sex, nurture, and self-preservation—are totally without deliberative quality. They are charged with instinctive emotion only. They are the drives producing action, and all our motive-power lies in them. Without guidance they lead to trouble, for they have an " all or none " quality about them that is certain to collide with the restrictions of the society in which we live. They are part of a function of the organism which the psychologist, W. H. R. Rivers, calls the " protopathic urge."

Fortunately we have a deliberative quality, which Rivers has called the " epicritic arc." This has no motive-power, but checks the reckless drive of the hunger desires. It looks at the world around us and guides and advises the emotional urges as to where they can go and how they can have their release. When the epicritic centres are not well developed in an individual, he tends to be erratic and violent; when they are over-developed, he is unable to act and becomes lifeless.

Men have always been aware of a duality of their

natures, but have never before been able to define the two functions and understand how they work. One of the most common ancient descriptions of this phenomenon is the term " body and spirit."

If the sexual instinct is aroused in you, for instance, without the guidance of the epicritic part of your nature, you are sure to show no discrimination in your conduct. Your self-assertion hunger cares nothing about the rights of others. Mother love, so called, without guidance is a possessive and destructive force. This unthinking hunger for self-satisfaction is the basis of all egocentricity. When we are engaged merely in the attempt to satisfy our instincts, we become egocentric. A fairly even balance of protopathic and epicritic qualities is necessary to any man trying to live a happy life.

To control the protopathic urge our ancestors did some devilish things and made Hells for themselves which they ignorantly insisted on calling Heavens. Their endocrine or ductless glands came in for most of this masochistic punishment. Fearing the sex urge as they did nothing else, they fabricated a naïve creed, biologically impossible, but held to grimly through the ages, that sexual desire was a denial of spirituality. Sex came to be looked upon with horror, and physical chastity revered as the sign of a pure mind. Ignorance went futilely on its way, trying to eradicate the very centre of their life. The real immorality of this distorted idea is plain.

Such an orgy of repression affected the endocrine system, throwing the adrenal, thyroid, and pituitary

glands out of balance and inflicting great injury on nerves and brain. No real happiness in life seemed to be possible for these deluded men, and the whole history of their lives bears out this fact.

The duality of our responses to life is further established by the discovery of the two primary brain divisions, the old and the new. The old brain is the regulator of the protopathic processes, habit, routine, the unconscious urges of the protoplasm. Its response is automatic and thoughtless, it governs our instinctive reactions. The new or upper brain has the function of deliberation and reason and its development is the sign of a mature and developed individual. When this brain is not used it atrophies, and a person of low mental age is produced.

Neurosis, which occurs only in more sensitive types of men, is the opposition of the new deliberative brain to the old brain with its instinctive tendencies. The new brain becomes aware of the changes taking place in life and tries to persuade the old brain to conform to the new requirements. The resulting conflict is neurosis.

The old brain is the animal, primordial one, reluctant to change its ways and contemptuous of the newer and finer distinctions of living, which the new brain is discovering and advocating. Neurosis is, therefore, the sign of a sensitive growing individual, a variant from the usual pattern, in whose blood is carried the future of the race. It is the growing pains of the human spirit.

Here is the reason for this Devil who tries to stop the

progress of the race. He is the opposition against whom the growing spirit of a man must try its mettle, whom he must overcome before he is free. When a man has science as a weapon against this dragon, the battle is half won.

The case of Edward Hewitt is the story of such a battle between the upper and lower brain. He came of a long line of Puritan ancestors who gave him a strong body, a good mind and an extreme sensitivity that was his greatest asset, but which almost killed him. He was an introvert, interested in ideas primarily and not so much in people.

His father and mother were extraverts (interested in objects, people and worldly success). They were very kind to him, but understood him about as well as they did the vagaries of the weather. He could not comprehend their ideas either, and his struggle to do so made him self-conscious, shy and neurotic. The more he tried to comply with their ideas about what he should do, the more frustrated he became, until he began to have a completely hopeless feeling about his fitness to do anything—he even wondered whether he was fit to live. He was generally persecuted by his playmates, who were delighted when they saw how he suffered under their ridicule. The world was a continual Hell for Edward through school and college.

After college he lost a couple of jobs and then had an affair with a girl which culminated in the anxiety and guilt surrounding an illegal operation. Edward took this badly. He offered to marry the girl, but she was

very bitter towards him. Shortly afterwards he began to have dizzy spells followed by nausea. For a couple of years he existed in this condition, his body became emaciated and his mind virtually ceased to function. Finally one of the many doctors he visited advised that he seek psychological aid. Without hope, and full of fear, he went to a psychologist. He came away from his first interview puzzled but somehow interested, and a little of his constant fear gone from him for ever.

Here was the first person he had ever met who had made even a pretence of understanding him or being interested in his case. He continued his conferences. Soon his symptoms of nausea and dizziness began to leave him. He had found out they were symptoms of disgust with himself caused by the guilt he had felt on account of the abortion. The uncritical attitude of the psychologist in connection with this affair had permeated his unconscious and there released the tensions which were making the disturbance.

One afternoon the psychologist said, "Tell me, Edward, if you could do anything you desired, what kind of a life would you choose? Don't bother to think whether it is possible or not, just think of work that would suit you completely."

Edward thought for some time. Then he said, "I can't think of anything."

"What were you doing during the happiest moments of your life?"

"I can't remember any," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy music?"

"Yes, very much."

" Did you ever do any painting? "

" No, never."

" How about writing? "

" I wrote a story once."

" Did you enjoy doing it? "

" You bet I did. Say, that was one time when I was happy."

" Why didn't you continue? "

" I showed it to the old man, and he said I was wasting my time."

The psychologist paused for a moment and then said, " Now, I have been studying you ever since you first came to see me, and I've noticed certain trends about you. For instance, you have a dramatic sense—you showed that when you told me about your love affair. You also have strong visual imagery—that is, you make pictures of your ideas in your mind. It helps you to understand them."

Edward was interested but puzzled. " What has all this to do with psychology? " he asked.

" Only that I'm using it to see if we can't find out what you should do in life. Now, you are manifestly not a business type—the introvert never succeeds there as well as he does in medicine, the arts, psychology, science. He succeeds with ideas better than he does with people. I've also noticed that you have a keen sense of words, that you know all the modern phrases, slang and so on. How would you like to write scenarios for the movies? "

Edward was aghast. " I'd like it well enough," he said, " but I couldn't do it. You don't mean that? "

"Yes, I do. I think you can, you show me all the marks of it. I want you to spend every morning for the next six months trying. Will you do that?"

Edward finally agreed, and before two weeks had elapsed, he was fascinated. Later, when he sold his first play, he became a changed man. The new scrutiny which psychology was able to give to his character had changed him. He now looked upon his parents with the same impersonality that he gave his friends. They became his friends and lost their oppressive dignity, no longer seeming to him the possessive opponents who fed upon his sense of dependence. Edward was at last coming of age, emotionally, that much-to-be-desired maturity which men rarely attain when they are at the physical age of twenty-one.

He was an example of a new awareness of life which fifty or even twenty years ago it was impossible for the average man to possess.

Men now examine themselves to understand their inclinations, so that they do not become square pegs in round holes.

Am I a creative type, interested in finding out something which has never been discovered before? Am I a constructive type, interested in building not only houses, bridges, roads, sewage systems, but bodies of men into efficient groups? Am I a conserving type, best fitted to take the inventive ideas of others and reproduce them not only in objective science, but also in education of the young, the conduct of family life, the stability of the marriage relation in a changing world? Or am I a wonder type, most at home when

I am investigating the million secrets that the world has not yet disclosed to us, the secrets of chemistry, biology, mathematics, astronomy, why human beings act as they do, and what the methods are they can use to make their actions more efficient?

Every man can be included in these four great types of personality, those motivated by sex, rage, fear or wonder. If you know your main characteristic, your course in life immediately becomes more clear, and you should not make the mistakes in vocation which your ancestors did. And a correct choice of your natural position in life will give you new energy which extends into your marriage and social relations, lending them a new depth and happiness.

The family is another institution which modern psychology is affecting. Science forces us to realize that the family is not a holy institution, but one that should be considered chiefly as a method of educating the young. Here the child meets the world for the first time, and when the conduct of the parents is unnatural and sentimental, he obtains such a false view of his environment that he is rarely able later to face the hardships of the outside world. Most psychologists are in agreement that the first five years of a child's life are of the utmost importance to him, that at the expiration of this time his malleable disposition has taken the form it will carry ever afterwards in life. There is, however, a growing opinion that this conception is not fully adequate, and that in the years of adolescence the child goes through a yet more profound experience. But everyone is in agreement

that the part of the parents is to rid themselves of the prevalent banal ideas about child nurture and to try to keep him as close to nature as possible. The farther he gets from the earth, open country and fresh air, the more artificial are his habits and ideas likely to be.

Psychology sees marriage as the servant of love, and when it tries to be the master, science does not excuse the disaster which follows this practice. It looks farther back than the meeting of two young lovers for the success or failure of the marriage. Back to the family it goes, and shows clearly that the usual errors and frustrations of the marriage state are not due so much to the incompatibility of the partners as to the errors of thought and feeling produced by the early family situation. Here the damage was created which comes to the surface under the intense stimulation of the close companionship in the marriage relation.

In the light of this knowledge we can see from history how laws, customs and habits of life built on misunderstanding have created bad stimulae for the senses. Most of us have, therefore, inherited constitutions far out of balance. Whatever primitive vitality is still left to us is due more to the marvellous recuperative powers of our bodies than to any intelligent protection our ancestors have made of this energy. Neglect of the chemistry of the body and the metabolism on which health depends forbids the possibility of true vitality. Even with the weakened constitution of to-day, we see youth as a time of exuberant vigour. This is not a product of the constitution, but occurs only because

the chemistry and metabolism of the body are more normal in youth than in maturity. Injuries have not yet weakened the inherent powers.

The sign of a healthy and happy man is the release of all the energy he is capable of developing. This is a basic aim of modern psychological thought. It sees the wild, ungoverned release of protopathic desires as a dissipation of real energy, and the repression of their normal release by an over-emphasis of the critical faculties as an equal lack of real vitality. Effective energy is always guided and governed, but when it has to turn too many wheels before it is released, it loses power.

Look at yourself, then, from this angle if you wish to make the most of the stores of energy of which you are the possessor. Ask yourself this question, " Am I wasting my powers in anger, doubt, responsibility, fear? " Then say to yourself, " My energy should be directed at the centre of the job I am doing. I must start first and then let my critical faculties work on the problem as I go along. If I heed them too much before beginning, I shall never act at all."

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOUSE OF DELUSION

Family life is not always as peaceful or happy as it may seem. Parents, though they have attained to so-called years of discretion, are not always wise or content, and do not realize the effects of some of their actions. They are almost as unconscious in their conduct as the child. It is the parents who can and should do something about this obsession which enslaves both parent and child. The child is not conscious enough at the time to be able himself to do anything about it.

Next door to you, perhaps, a father is apparently very kind to his sensitive son. But he is not pleased with the son's impracticality, as he calls it. However, he manages to make it perfectly plain to the lad, with never a word said, that he has no confidence in his ability to get on in the world. The father knows nothing but business, and naturally this is held up to the boy as the only possible career for him. The son gives up in despair to what he considers the insuperable obstacles before him. This unconscious attitude of the father is as cruel in its ultimate effect on the boy as a series of sadistic whippings.

Here is mother. She is not merely a mother, she is *the* mother. She has suffered. She does not ask for gratitude; certainly not, that would be coercive. But her daughter is paying, nevertheless, for her terrible entry into the world. All these years the mother has secretly blamed her for her suffering—nobly, however, never saying a word about it. But the child feels her secret blame and her false guilt lies heavy on the soul of the woman. She develops sex troubles and can never take her birthright as a female unless she recognizes them. Never a word is said; the antagonism goes on in bitter silence, and sweetness and light cover the naked tragedy. This is domination, subjective and bitterly cruel in its effects. There are no open antagonists striking lusty blows, but only a silent antagonism masked as love, that offers nothing to rebel against, and quietly sucks out the life-blood of the innocent victim.

Parental domination is on everyone's tongue to-day. The play " The Barretts of Wimpole Street " did much to publicize the cruelty of a father to his daughter. There was not a parent witnessing it who did not secretly think, " Thank God, my children can never say that about me."

Samuel Butler, in " The Way of All Flesh," did much to tear away the shams and disclose the innate sadism of the dominating parent. The relationship of father and son in his book is one of hatred. Father Barrett, to our eyes, was almost unbelievable as he went his deluded, fanatical way, leaving Elizabeth swooning behind him. The father in Butler's masterpiece is

dramatic and terrible, for the author intends to make the point clear. But the average parent should hesitate before he absolves himself of this sort of error too easily. There are many forms of concealed cruelty, of cruelty that is considered nurture, of coddling that is more cruel than sadism.

The case of Robert Graves, a man of thirty-five, shows what harm parents can do to a child if they are unaware of what their conduct is really accomplishing. Robert is unmarried and in the banking business. He is charming in manner, women like him and cannot understand why he seems to be so indifferent to them. Robert is invited out a good deal and appears to have a pleasant time on these occasions. But he almost never takes the initiative himself in asking a girl to go out with him. His main passion is the movies, where he goes by himself and watches the fascinating love affairs of the Hollywood stars with absorbed interest. His ideas of love are phantasy ones, easy to obtain and entirely secondary in character.

He hates his job in the bank, which his father, who is also a banker, obtained for him. Although his work there is adequate, no one in the bank looks upon him as one of the men who is going to advance. He lives with his father and mother, and as he has grown older, he spends more time at home reading the latest novels and taking his parents out for motor drives. He has begun to worry a good deal about his health, and insists on a strange diet, which he believes will maintain what health he has left.

Robert's father and mother have settled down to a relationship of polite indifference. There had been many storms in their earlier married life, but each had lacked the energy to do what they had often desired, and Robert's birth had taken from them the last of their revolutionary ideas. They saw themselves then as a family cemented together for good or ill, and they made the best of it. Their life began to revolve around Robert, his education, his doings and sayings.

The atmosphere of the home was pleasant, uninteresting and factual. No passion was ever displayed, they had their little family jokes, and to the world they appeared a happy group.

The real facts of the case were quite different from the appearances, however. Robert had stopped developing emotionally at the child stage of devotion to his mother. With this infantile condition of his mind went its corollary, a concealed antagonism to his father, which made its apearance in his dependence on him for his job. His hatred for his work in the bank was actually a masked dislike of his father.

As the deepest natural desire of the individual is for personal freedom, any dependence of one person on another is a spur to secret antagonism. When a man is neurotic, he always acts in a manner contrary to what nature has designed for him, and so the utmost opposition between a father and son will often show itself as a close dependence of each on the other.

As Robert gave up more and more of his native desire for freedom, he drew closer and closer to his father and mother, and his neurotic dependence became more pro-

nounced. This sickness of his spirit began to affect his body, producing his symptoms of stomach trouble, and the consequent fetish on diet. Bound as he was to his mother, he could not look at girls with any desire to love one of them. If his mother had died, he would not have been free of her domination, but would have gone on in the same way, obsessed by a phantasy picture of her. In fact, he had always seen her as a dream person and her death would not have altered this apparition in the least.

Such psychic mutilation of children is a commonplace of life to-day. Its effects are found everywhere, in marriage, business, politics and art. Much of the pain and frustration of our daily lives is owing directly to the primary source of all aberrations—the family. Some men contend with their fathers all their lives. They are taking the position of rival for their mother's love. They never arrive at the maturity of looking at their father and saying: "He's a good man in his way, but it isn't mine." They strike out blindly at authority, at the Government, at a wife's domination. This struggle saps their energies until they suffer enough to see the truth.

Other men love their fathers all their lives, and never lose their incestuous feelings. Girls love their mothers in the same pattern, and both sexes emerge into adult life with the sexual instinct perverted. Homosexualism and Lesbianism spring from these roots of infantilism. Still others exalt the whole idea of the family into an image in their minds which lies like a dead weight on any effort they may undertake. They can hardly

move, or think, or feel, they are so deadened by this false dependence.

The failure to see the implications in the family triangle is the single greatest cause of our psychic sufferings. The errors of our whole lives can be reduced to their primary sources in this introduction of our psyches to existence. We become rigid in all our ways from an allegiance to the idea of the family.

If you knew how much your ideas of sex depended on your early family life, you would be ashamed and lose no time in finding out how to remedy your defects in passion. No one escapes. You do not know how this girl or that reminds you of mother, or sister, how your masculine coldness to women is because of your admiration for an older brother. Nor do you realize how an attitude of your father, long since forgotten, has influenced your choice of a career.

The acquisitive seed which flowered so gloriously in the life of John D. Rockefeller was planted there very early by an adroit father. The seeds of your later fruits of passion were sowed by someone very early in your life. You would not nurture them so carefully if you knew the facts. The cause of the sorrows of intimacy is this imitative, perverted pattern of love.

Men are continually binding themselves to the unconscious facts of their early family life. Everything they do is charged by this deep, instinctive drive. A boy who never advances beyond his first primal urge of opposition to his father finds himself, in later life, still opposing that ghost of a father. Consciously he may

choose the older man's business (it offers the best chance for advancement), and, being quite different from his father, may languish and struggle in it until his death.

Again, a man may grow up rebelling openly at his father. He wouldn't think of going into the same business. Anything but that. These men often go " arty," and hate the idea of any business. They become writers or musicians of a sort, very often turn radical, and attack the old bogey of the father in the Government, or the Church, or any symbol of power. These are the artists who paint cold, weeping landscapes, or satiric pictures of the human types they see about them. They are all as rigid in their new views as the old man was in his outmoded ones. He loved God; they laugh at God. He inhibited his sex-urges; they let them go anywhere. But although they hate him, the father takes the place of God for them, nevertheless.

The radical is often the rebel against the father. The conservative is just as often the imitator of the father, and as such has some incestuous qualities. Inevitably he becomes mentally stiff in old age because of his inhibitions.

The lover who marries for money or position is the lover of the family. The lover who defies the conventions is the hater of the family. The lover who takes the conventions into consideration and goes with them as long as he possibly can without abandoning his own integrity, but who can finally be pushed into rebellion against them for his love, is the only free man

in the world. He is not rigid or static, but is moving away from the family and his earliest compulsions to a freedom in which he can stand on his own feet. He accepts his family, but only in the larger sense of the nation and the world. He is in individual, free to feel his equality with other men and women. Rigid lovers of money, rigid haters of it are both motivated by family delusions.

There is only one thing to do about the family or nuclear complex. Learn all the facts so far known about it. Freud is the man who rediscovered it from the Greeks. Read what he has to say on the subject. For this eternal triangle of the son, mother, father, and the daughter, mother, father, is almost always present in any case of neurotic behaviour. You may think you are free from this weakness, for you consciously consider your parents nice old fogies, living in the dark Victorian ages. But don't take too much for granted. Did you not lose that big order because of the irritation old man Bent roused in you by his authoritative manner? Didn't you say to yourself that you were damned if any old codger like Bent was going to dictate to you? Was he not really taking the place of your father in your unconscious mind, and you the part of the little boy who feared this powerful parent?

A man dreams he is descending a vast circular staircase within walls which enclose him in darkness. He hears a roaring torrent below in the depths. He is impelled to go forward, although in constant fear. Finally he sees the boiling waters into which the stair-

way is leading him. His fear increases, he is about to jump, to die, when he awakes in a perspiration. This is a dream of psychic suicide, of return to the mother. The unconscious is showing him the danger of his course of life, warning him of his insecurity. The life impulse is fighting in his inner depths to free him from his false ideas. Every dream of this sort is such a warning.

There are many variations of the nude dream. You are walking down the street among the crowds, perfectly naked. You are covered with shame, but nothing else. You long to escape from the gaping crowds, but cannot. Your spectacular walk continues. Suddenly the people come closer to you. Just as your anxiety gets to the breaking-point, you are awake, thankful and happy, and you relax with relief under the warm covers.

This is a symbolic protest of your unconscious against the foolish restrictions of the conventions. It wants life for you, not the mechanism of fear that society puts into all our important life functions, and is trying to tell you this fact.

In early days restrictions of society were working night and day on people's emotions. We have the story of two young girls who appeared one day nude in church. What we do in phantasy they were impelled to do in the flesh by the pressure of social commands that accented rather than reduced erotic expression.

The church Fathers believed they were forcing people

to purity by denying them natural expression. They naturally could not recognize the results of their efforts in the mental breakdown, illness and many nervous disorders which appeared.

Freud, in working out the techniques of dream analysis, has discovered the symbolic content of the dream. In attempting any dream analysis you must always remember that the actors and action are symbolic. Try to recall your dreams. They are messages to you from your unconscious. They always contribute something useful to your knowledge of yourself. Look for the emotion first. It dominates the dream. Then try to find the idea the dream has for you. You will find recurring ideas, each time said a little differently, but important to you, or the unconscious would not take so much trouble about it. Even after the message of the dream is clear to your conscious mind, the same dream may occur. This means that you have taken no action on the advice, and the instincts want action and nothing else. When you have changed yourself by action, the dream ceases and the unconscious goes on to new demands. Dream analysis is a fascinating and very helpful technique in freeing you from your negative ways of life.

Without Freud we could hardly have had the practical psychology we now own. He saw how greatly the forces of the unconscious affect our every thought and action, and provide the means by which we can see how we are affected by repressed emotions. His invention of the analytic process brings these emotions

to consciousness, where they can be redirected into healthy paths. In the family he found the basic reason for most neurosis, and in his discovery of the Oedipus Complex laid bare the structure of all aberrations.

There is no Hell so deep as the infantile view of this relationship of mother, father and child; no devils so cruel as our errors in thinking caused by an ignorance of this profound bond.

All later society is based on the family. The nation is a large family group. The perversions of family life are frequently magnified in the conventions of social life. When you depend on your family, you later depend on society. You are a free man only when you give up being a slave. You love only as you free yourself from parental, incestuous dependence. Male hatred of the mother becomes gynephobia. Male love of the father, implying hatred of the mother, becomes homosexuality. Sisters are substituted for mothers, brothers for fathers, but always and inevitably the merciless pattern of nature holds true; when you do not free yourself from family dependence of any sort, you cannot really live.

These, to put it briefly, are psychic assets in family life:

Relation of mutual respect between parent and child.

Love between parents.

No coercion.

Parents interested in avocations.

No ideas of sacrifice.

And these are liabilities:

Domination.
Possessiveness.
Duty to parents.
Duty for job.
Religious imitation.
Fear of money.

CHAPTER IX

YOUR LORDLY EGO

Gelett Burgess coined a popular phrase when he asked the seemingly harmless question: "Are you a bromide?" But when he made his meaning clear, national humour took a new turn. Columns appeared in the papers on the subject, and discussion was endless.

We can look at ourselves profitably with Burgess' penetrating glance. Are we bromidic, or are we trying to be ourselves, and therefore different from other people? According to Burgess, the sulphides are the people who leaven the mass of dough we call the race. The bromides keep it static by their acceptance of everything as it is, was, or ever has been.

Life demands that everyone fulfil his particular pattern of growth. The growing individual should accept whatever he can of the conventions, but what he cannot should never be compromised with.

Whenever a man thinks for himself, he usually has to oppose the persecuting spirit of the herd. The basic reason for this herd opinion is fear, the emotion which makes men congregate in large groups. Men, being herd animals, feel safe when they are together,

and most of them live in this fashion. Any questioning of the sanctity of social opinion is felt to be an attack on the safety of the mass. This is the reason for the virulence with which they treat anyone who disagrees. As the mass mind is always less developed than the individual, its opinion resembles that of an earlier stage of individual life—in this case boyhood instead of maturity, retaining the barbaric qualities of the child.

When a boy is different from his fellows, they ridicule or persecute him. The herd does not recognize or want a different type. They call him " Stumblefoot " or some such loving term, and drive this sensitive, awkward individual back to himself for companionship. The object of the attack does not forgive this early assault upon his best qualities. He harbours his secret rage until in some cases it becomes a consuming fire. He will give his life in an endeavour to change the stupidities of a society of which he was an early victim. Sometimes his anger swings to depression and self-pity as he thinks of his unwanted abilities. At others, his vindictiveness will run riot in a wild drive to hurt someone, since the world is against him. He even takes a strange, secret delight in self-torture.

Under his outward appearance of fanaticism, lies often a loving nature wishing for social betterment. He, least of all, sees that pity for himself has been changed to a rage against the ignorances of a society whose victim he was. And least of all does he know that his outraged sense of justice is driving him to measures of extreme irrationality.

If a man calls you a louse, you don't exactly like it.

When you are called a skunk, every fibre of you bristles. If you are called the offspring of a well-known domesticated animal, there are two courses for you to pursue. You may politely turn the subject to the birds and flowers, and think no more of the aggressive remark, or you may accept the challenge. This latter procedure will lead you into an argument that soon exhausts all the explosive words in the English language, and leaves you either gasping or reduced to silence by the superior weight of your opponent's reserve arguments, his fists.

Nature knows no cruelty such as this. Animals do not insult each other. They have more serious things to do. This peculiar talent of man's is the product of his personalism. He alone of all God's creatures can wander so far from the path of reality. He can spend hours and days and years nursing the imaginary wounds which only he can think he suffers. It is unfortunately a commonplace of his experience, a wound as real to his distorted view of life as if Nature had loosed a thunderbolt upon him.

The practice of persecution is one of the greatest weapons of worldly power. It is a devil that produces a great deal of needless pain, and is met with everywhere in our daily life. Society improves itself only when the pain of the old ideas becomes too great to be borne. Many of the worst crimes of mankind have been perpetrated as a result of this feeling.

As Christ hung from the cross, this infantilism of the race made its appearance in the derogatory sign above his head: "This is Jesus, King of the Jews."

People who are persecuted are usually useful members

of society. If they do not allow feelings of inferiority to be added to their persecution, they may accomplish great things. The leaders of thought during history have all met the blind opposition of the herd.

But when the persecution state is attributable to events in childhood, something can be done about it. The hurtful experiences of this age should be recalled and examined impartially. To do this efficiently, consider the idea of redintegration: that a small part of an original experience, when it comes into the present, can induce the whole emotional tone of the original experience. This is an interpretation of the original discovery of Hamilton, a Scotsman. As a result of L. S. Hollingworth's work, it takes its place as one of the most useful discoveries of modern psychology.

Pleasant memories of childhood can always be recalled easily. When you got the first bicycle, when you did the first hole in three, the time you got more trout than your father did, the Sunday you stayed away from church and read *Treasure Island*. These are all clear and distinct in your memory. But the painful events of this same time are a blank. You do remember these troubles of yours, but not in the way you think. You remember them in the way you feel. Hollingworth has called this process *negative redintegration*. He finds it a great cause of the failure attitude in any individual. The strange ways by which buried emotion shows itself are almost beyond belief.

We are continually fooled by our crazy actions. There are individuals, for instance, who react painfully at the sight of a feather from a pillow, the smell of

burning gingerbread, the aroma of honeysuckle. These stimuli always and inevitably cause over again the entire feeling of pain and sorrow of the experience with which they are connected.

Some people are convulsed with fear at the sight of a harmless tabby cat. Men who hate all animals are more numerous than you would imagine. The sight of a steaming dish of mashed potatoes would drive one man into a state of melancholy. Another could not abide the odour of rose-petals. Fear of the dark, of thunderstorms, of being in a crowded theatre, are common occurrences. Each one of these neurotic tendencies is the hangover from an unadjusted early emotional experience.

David Seabury, who has tracked hundreds of these aberrations to their origins, feels the importance of releasing the individual from the harmful effects of such emotional disturbances. The event happens to the child. He does not understand it, and identifies the sorrow or fear he undoubtedly felt at the time with the wrong image. For instance, he was eating mashed potatoes when his father rushed in with a badly cut hand. There were roses in the hospital room where another child saw his mother for the last time. A boy rebels against his father, then hates himself because he is a male too, and sublimates this hatred later to cover the whole race of men.

We are none of us free from errors in thinking of this kind. Our aim should be to reduce them to a very small number. Whenever you have a strong irrationality of this nature, you may be sure it dates back to

your youth. Try to visualize the experience from which it sprang. Try to see how the rat, or the cat, or the snake came into the picture. They all entered because you were not looking carefully enough. It was your youth and inexperience which gave them their chance.

Until we liberate ourselves from the clutches of this devil of past woes by finding out the reasons for our sudden strange fits of melancholy or fear, we are always on the verge of pain. Every freedom won from the despotic domination of our infantile unconscious fixations is just so much gold added to our mental wealth.

For we all have many painful repressions in our unconscious depths. Years pass and we know nothing about our memories of these hidden experiences. Then suddenly some chance word or act is associated with the old, painful experience, and the whole emotional tone of the original event floods our consciousness. We cannot understand why this apparently unrelated and harmless incident should make us feel so sad or angry. The sadness we feel is a warning from the unconscious that if we are to be free of pain, we must disconnect the event from the personalized emotion.

On the positive side, sometimes an incident occurs which connects with a happy experience buried in the memory. You meet a person whom you have not seen for years. During this time you have barely thought of his name. But now when you meet him you remember plunging into the surf and the delight of carefree,

summer days. The remembered joy of the old experience makes you very enthusiastic as you greet your old acquaintance. He is the spark of association which sets off the mine of secret emotion.

Impersonal emotion such as this is never painful, but joyful. It is the connecting of a hurt ego with the emotion that causes the suffering. One of the greatest laws of life which psychology has given us is: "Personalized emotion is deadening; impersonal emotion is the stuff of life."

Sometimes a problem seems unsolvable. You see nothing but negatives surrounding it. This won't work, that is foolish, you are losing money, the future is bad, the Government is worse, war is imminent, your thought even strays to the probable collision of the earth with the sun. In such a time of stress you would do well to try David Seabury's flotation process for the cure of these negatives. Begin to think of all the opposites that are apparently far away from your problem.

If it should be the imminent marriage of your daughter to a man you think is "poison," imagine the opposite of poison. Think of sunlight, we'll say, or pure water. Oh, he drinks, does he? So that's the trouble. Thank God, you don't drink. Ah, but haven't you a secret passion as strong as the drink habit? What is it? The fact that you don't imbibe and hate all men who do? This man is poison to you because you don't drink. Is that any reason why your daughter should not marry him? Perhaps you want to keep your daughter from marriage and this is

your excuse. The real cause of your hatred of the man lies in yourself, not in him.

You look at him now as a normal young man with a good job. Your daughter loves him. Who can tell what marriage with a decent girl will do for him? You turn from a hopeless negative attitude to a hopeful and positive one.

There is no more important process for successful meeting of difficulties than this technique. It will apply to any problem you may face, objective or subjective. Try it and see for yourself.

The feeling of persecution is a sign of your unique possibilities. Don't retire into gloom if you are a victim of it. Realize that somewhere, somehow, your deviation from the herd will be a good thing for everybody if you do not bury it under a mass of negative fears. You were designed that way, and that is the way life intended you to go. Your persecutors are big boys still calling names, who have never outgrown their childishness. They have power over you only if you allow them to.

CHAPTER X

BREAKING YOUR CHAINS

The battle against our youthful misconceptions about life is the core of the struggle in which we are all engaged. These tragic, mysterious obsessions blind our eyes to the real facts of our present situation and the actual qualities of the people we have to deal with every day.

If, for instance, the early years of your life were filled with a constant fear of poverty—perhaps the usual experience of most people—your immature eyes looked upon this introduction to living from two angles. You either gave up your natural feeling of personal independence because the difficulties of the world seemed so magnified to your unprepared eyes, or you gritted your teeth and decided to fight against the injustice of it. In the latter case you set your eyes on money, the symbol of success, and held them there so desperately that in later life you could see no more to existence than this.

Most people take one of these courses and become fanatical about it, some in surrender to the difficulties, and the rest in frantic endeavours to overcome the obstacles. The middle way between these two extremes is seen and taken only by the few who have

acquired the wisdom to see their lives in a true perspective. The obsession never lets go its stranglehold on a man's life until he has recognized it and realized its binding effect upon his effort.

Take the case of Stephan Wade, who had surrendered to the difficulties of life. He was so blinded by his capitulation that he considered the Hell in which he walked a Heaven.

As he came home from his office one night, he felt mildly happy. He was experiencing that warm feeling which the little envelope in his pocket gave him weekly. This day it felt warmer than usual; his salary had been raised from four pounds to four pounds ten shillings. He thought that he could now add to that twenty pounds he had in the bank. He thought gratefully about his boss, old Snare; he was a good scout. The idea that it had taken Snare a year and a half to part with that extra ten shillings never occurred to him. He accepted everything with gratitude.

That night he went to a prayer meeting, sang lustily about "Crossing the Bar" and listened to a short, informal talk on unselfishness. He tossed a sixpenny piece with a flourish into the plate; he felt he could afford that now.

Stephan had been watching Ruth during the service. He always did, and she was always there. Although younger than Stephan, she looked indeterminable in age, for the foibles of youth had never bothered her. It was the holy look in her eyes that had captured Stephan. He knew that she thought of worthwhile things. That night, as usual, he walked home with her.

Sex had never troubled Stephan. In fact he hardly thought of it except that sometimes a guilty memory of his childhood would impel him farther towards God and the security of the good thoughts which He inspired. As they walked home together he thought of marriage, his rise—and then his mother. He told Ruth of his good fortune. He knew that sometime he and Ruth would marry, but the thought did not raise his temperature one degree. Mother would live with them; that was ordained. There would be children—he paused doubtfully. Could he have children? He doubted it strongly. Well, never mind, God would settle the question.

He did not touch Ruth. She was not exactly approachable. He felt that she was too good, too pure for carnal treatment. As they parted at her door, she said, "You'll be a rich man soon, Stephan," and he expostulated with seeming modesty.

He walked home to the house which contained his widowed mother. If his feelings could be said to expand at all, they did at the thought of her. She had lived such a hard life since his father had been injured in the factory. He remembered what his mother had told him about the year and a half she had spent nursing his father, his death when Stephan was three, the years when she had slaved for Stephan, her hardships, her sufferings, and so on. How happy she had been when he had told her about his rise! He must make it up to her, he must make her declining years happy. He must be unselfish. He went to bed after a short prayer to restore himself for another long day of

journals, day-books, files, correspondence about rates, and lunch of coffee and buns.

The pressure of economic conditions produces this sort of sleep-walking in people, these men who do not know they are alive, and therefore are not really living. They see everything about them as a sort of doom, which they must accept. They accept the *status quo*, their routines, the domination of their bosses, the hopelessness of love, the dangers of the future, the drabness of the present. They do acceptable work, for fear drives them to this necessity. But fear infects everything they accomplish.

They are not vicious, they do not make criminals; their rage is too far below the surface. They accept everything as it comes with resignation and call it good.

They go to war and are slaughtered uncomplainingly. They make the buttons on your coat, they print the words of a burning love story accurately and without feeling. They are sick with a disease called frustration, as deadly to all living things as pneumonia. It has become a kind of self-indulgence which they love and do not wish to do without.

This prevalent sickness is not fatal if steps are taken to combat it before too much time has elapsed. If you are suffering from it, get up on your feet and climb a mountain, do anything, only get started. Then question yourself about your past. When in the past have you enjoyed yourself? What were you doing at the time? Try, by all means, to find the type of life

you should be following. You may need psychological help, but at any rate get your mind inquiring. Stop its deadening acceptance of everything. Start to criticize, and don't direct it all at the other fellow.

Frustration does not always show itself as denial. Sex licence, another form of it, is equally far away from a normal self-expression. A man leading such a life is really in a Hell as he is driven by this urge which never gives him complete satisfaction and keeps him always on the surface. He is consuming his real energies by these fires of doubt and discouragement with which he continually tortures himself.

All sophistication is a complete doubt. An over sophisticated man believes in nothing but objective values; his house, his money, his wife (as long as he can see her), his business (as long as he can touch it). Doubt and fear of the future, a mad grasp of the objective present, are all such a man can give. This is not a process of growth or living. It is a belief in chance, luck, and the centre of this emotion is fear. Men moved by this fear of life try for immortality by reproduction, never realizing that their duty to themselves is to live and let their biological urge be the by-product of this urgent obligation. They live secondarily through their children, primarily through themselves.

Frustration is a quiet burglar, a sneak thief, who snatches a man's energy before he knows it. The loser finds himself walking into middle age at moderate speed, not very hungry, not very tired, not very interested, a thoroughly reliable dud. He has never exploded,

he will never explode, and will go the rest of his journey as he has so far, totally ignorant of the powder within him, the energy that would have made him heard in the world.

Now he is static, blocked from his normal life by a too early look at poverty and the struggle against hopeless living conditions. Now he anticipates difficulties before he sees the actualities, exaggerates negatively before the event, and gives a half-hearted allegiance to the routines he half possesses. Life is running slowly through him, and he is now the resistance to nature, not nature to him.

The blindly hoping attitude is a particularly hopeless one. We have all seen those amiable nonentities, who are full of sweetness and light. They worship a God who is always good and kind, and no hard luck will force them to see that God more accurately. They potter around their two-by-four worlds, pointing with pride at the walls they have erected around their possibilities. They enjoy their spiritual and physical poverty. They dare ask for nothing more than the skim milk that keeps them breathing, but starves their minds to an imperceptible motion.

These are the children who first looked out into a world that forbade them to eat or drink. It threatened them with drought, with the policeman who would break up their games, with the cold-eyed holder of the mortgage and the loss of the home. They have retreated from the monster of the outside world to a dream-world where life is one great chocolate lollypop handed to them by God, the Father. Their mental

muscles are flabby with disuse, and they sit in squalor and look longingly at the distant sky.

They are hardly as useful to society as the habitual grouser, who thinks nothing is ever right. They believe nothing is ever wrong. They have escaped touching life at any spot, and are completely unaware of it. Their unconscious fear has done this, because when life really touches a man, he gets up and does something about it, or sinks into melancholia.

It seems impossible that love, children, the struggle for existence should not move these people, but there is no predicting the unexpected turns and eddies in the stream of existence.

Your memory is a good indicator of your success and frustration in life. If you cannot remember the circumstances of your childhood, you can be sure that your youth was an unhappy one. If you can't remember the name of that chap who walks up to you and shakes you by the hand, he has not impressed you favourably when you met him before, or his name strikes some painful memory locked up in the unconscious.

Freud has written a book on the slips and errors of everyday life. He says that it is the painful latent content which the effort at memory invokes that is the reason for your forgetting. Every case of amnesia is an effort to forget painful experience.

A man was able to remember his youth up to the age of eight and a half years, when he underwent a painful experience. Later, he could remember the experience itself, but the next two years of his life

became a complete blank to him. These two years were the time necessary for his mind to overcome the bad effects of the experience.

Accidents like stumbling, falling, cutting our fingers are explainable by the fact that we dwell without knowing it on some painful idea in the unconscious. This unconscious thinking distracts the attention of our mind from the physical act we are doing, and the accident happens. All our vivid, highly pleasurable experiences are always remembered, sometimes in great detail. Forgetting is the sign of pain.

Try to find out the areas in your life where the forgetting is most prevalent. Know that these are bad areas, which you should clear up as soon as possible. Hope to regulate your life so that the errors in memory become less and less. You remember when you are alive, and forget when you are dead.

Unless you have at least one outlet that satisfies your emotions as well as your brain, you will suffer. Dante did not marry Beatrice. He was persecuted by the ruling powers of his time. Yet he found a great outlet for his pent-up emotions in his poetry. He would have died young otherwise.

It is possible for abilities to be dormant in a person's nature because they have never been excited by environmental impulse. Every man is hungry for something more than food. Music, mechanics, biology may be what you are desiring and do not know it. Never give up looking until you have found some avocation that satisfies you emotionally as well as intellectually. Inanition or mental starvation is the result of this

hunger going unsatisfied. Expose yourself to as many kinds of activity as you can. If your present friends do not satisfy you, try to enlarge your acquaintance.

Your psychic bank account should be big enough to make you feel sure of yourself. When you draw on it, it is good to know that your mental cheques will not be rubber and bounce back to you because there was no psychic balance behind it. When you are always close to the edge of mental poverty, nervousness comes into everything you do. You are not sure of yourself or of anything you know, because you haven't put much in the bank. What your psychic balance needs are the sums of knowledge you must acquire and put there.

You want, for instance, to draw on your psychic bank account for strength as you enter the big executive's office in order to sell him your product. Methods of how to approach, knowledge of how to marshal your arguments should be in your psychic bank long before you see him. As you draw upon this information, you will appear confident and interesting to your prospect. If you haven't the information, you will seem nervous and ill at ease. Here your psychic bank account is of real money value to you.

If you asked several men what reactions they got from the word money, one might say, " The salary my boss gets," another, " Gold," another, " What I have anything else but." The first and third are personal identifications with money, the second is a rote image. Death to one man would mean a coffin, to another immortal life, to a third the inheritance he hoped for

when his father died. There is nothing creative about any of these definitions.

Look out for this kind of reaction. It is a sign that you are in the possession of the devil of stereotyped thinking. Unless you think creatively you are not really living up to your name of man. When you say the sunset is lovely, or the baby is so winning, you might just as well be carrying a phonograph around with you, turning it on from time to time. It requires less than no thinking on your part. And if you don't think, you can hardly expect to be called alive.

What you should say, no other man can tell you, because no other man is you. The most vivid people are always unexpected, always creative. Your reactions to things are your own, no one else's, and they are only interesting as you phrase them in your own words or deeds. You live as you talk and act creatively.

Indecision is one of our most common aberrations. I decide, for instance, that my child has bad eating habits. He needs coaxing before he will swallow anything. So I make up my mind to show no interest in the matter and let him starve if he wants to. But then my worry about his health takes hold of me, and I change my decision at the first meal.

We either make no decisions about our course in life and drift along the easiest way offered, or are persuaded to change by any unimportant situation which comes along.

Many people have this indecision deeply seated in their natures and are continually in a Hell of not knowing what to do. Psychology calls this state of mind

Ambivalence and finds it most disastrous to success in life.

Sue had been married five years. Her husband, David, was still trying to understand her. They had been engaged for two years, and a long two years it had seemed to him. She was an extremely provocative girl and he had been desperately in love with her elusive charm. Three times during the engagement she had broken off with him for a career in interior decorating, social work and music.

She had her moments when their undoubted physical passion for each other carried her beyond reason. David, wise from his repeated failures, chose such a moment and carried her off to the clergyman before she could become reasonable

They were married, and he breathed a sigh of relief. He did not maintain this attitude long. During the first year she became difficult. She was losing some of the charm he felt when he had not been able to see her every day. Strange periods of rigidity occurred when she was passive to his love-making, or possessed by a strong opposition. They quarrelled a good deal.

David tried a new tack. He suggested buying a house. Sue enthusiastically welcomed the idea. They saw house after house, but she could never make up her mind. The first visit of inspection would produce either a wild enthusiasm or an equally unqualified no. A second, and the process was reversed. She never knew what she wanted, and couldn't decide on anything. They finally stayed where they were.

And then they had a baby. During pregnancy Sue was anything but the placid woman the books say an expectant mother should be. Sometimes she railed and stormed at her fate, and then would have times when she would adore this stirring life within her body. David was pregnant with her during the long months.

At last the child arrived, and Sue was radiant. David thought the great happening would change her. It didn't. She was just as inconsistent with the child as she was with him. She read books about child-training and would follow them for a time, only to relapse into anger and sadism when the baby woke at night or cried at the wrong time.

Her relationship with David became worse after the birth of the child. She now had a better excuse for her cruelty to him, and she used it on all occasions. There was practically no love in their life now. She was more than elusive, she was lost. And so was David, as long as the causes of her disease were undiscovered.

Sue was suffering from Ambivalence, a conflict between her thought and her feeling. In any normal person these two qualities unite and are in agreement when he decides to act, the result of which is a positive approach to the incidents of his life. But Sue's attention as a child had been bad because of the quarrels between her parents that she had been forced to watch.

She had naturally desired to give to and receive love from her father and mother, and it had been a great shock to her when this had proved impossible. Her instinctive desire to love had met the fact of their quar-

rels. She could not understand this hatred where she had expected love should be. Her model of love was so confusing to her that it affected her whole subsequent life. Her half-emotions and half-thoughts could not unite, but fought within her, producing her indecision. Constantly blowing hot or cold as either her thought or feeling gained the supremacy in this fatiguing inner battle, she was psychically too tired ever to come to a decision. She was neither friend nor foe, but the net effect of her ignorance of herself was disastrous.

The way out of this indecision is first of all a recognition of the fact that you are undecided. This is difficult and needs the utmost earnestness. Next, do not blame yourself; it is not your fault. But you will be responsible if you do not act after you know. Try to realize how foolish it is to wreck your life because your parents fought. If this new idea gets into your unconscious, your worst troubles will be over.

When you have decided on a course of action—say dinner with a friend at seven—do not change your mind and telephone. Carry out the appointment even at the cost of emotional disturbance. Next time it will be easier.

When an unconscious negative emotion such as ambivalence affects your attention, your mind is pulled away from the normal to reactions directed by your unconscious thought. You never then see things as they are. A woman walks along the street to her bank where she is to deposit some money. Her attention takes in a number of children playing. The sight of these happy children does not give her a

true reaction, because she is worried about the health of her own delicate son. Her unconscious emotion has coloured her attention.

I am playing a game of golf, and come to the eighth tee, where the fairway is narrow and there are trees jutting out on the right. My swing tightens; I am no longer attentive to the ball, and slice wildly into the woods. My attention is being wrongly given to the difficulty of the terrain, not to my stroke. My unconscious fear has deflected it from its true course.

When our negative fears become so great that they affect everything we do, we are on the rocky road to neurosis. Over-responsibility, for instance, is the attention habit of the sensitive child, falsely directed to parental obedience. In later life he is continually confusing his desire to please his parents with his care of his own family. Always look for the reasons why your attention brings you pain, be it a splinter in your finger, or a broken heart. It is usually possible to find the unconscious devil who is playing his tricks upon you.

Like cures like. If you have obtained a false idea from an experience, try to re-live that experience in phantasy, and you are likely to discover the error that has dogged you all through the years.

Psychology has found that we all tend to be regressive, or to live in phantasy through some misunderstood experience of our youth. We never comprehend as children the emotions of our parents, but we felt them keenly. Not having a basic confidence in our early conception of love, we became ambivalent.

David Seabury tells the story of a young man who

came to him in great distress. He was an army officer ordered to France during the Great War and deadly afraid of the water. Seabury was able to see him only once. He found out that the centre of his neurotic trouble was a shock experienced at the age of seven. As an emergency method Seabury advised him to pretend that this boy of seven was in bed with him every night, and to let the boy pour out his troubles. Then he was to sympathize with and advise him as a father would his son. By following the method the officer was able to cure himself.

It is often necessary to talk with your unconscious as you would to a child. Tell it what you hope to do, and why. Reason with it patiently. It is not your enemy, but your friend, kept in prison by your aberrations. Some people may think that this is a childish and naïve thing to do. It is anything but that. The primitive nature of the unconscious part of your mind is a fact that you must recognize, and is affected by elemental ideas and these only. You cannot trick it by any sophisticated approach. It only answers when you affirm to it over and over again with the utmost earnestness what changes you desire in your nature. Everyone knows and accepts the necessity of affirming over and over again to a child the ideas of conduct he deems necessary for it to follow. In the same way your unconscious needs to be trained to the particular objective and subjective needs of your life. Only by repeated and constant effort can you get it to adjust itself to your requirements, but when you do, the extraordinary change in your life will astound you.

CHAPTER XI

DANSE MACABRE

A strange, contradictory fact that illustrates how far our devils can drive us from reality is that a great preoccupation with sex means actually a lack of sexual energy. The gangster with his two compulsions, money and sex—money so that he may have sex—is, in reality, a sex-neurasthenic. His sexual energy is low because the psychic half of it has never been developed at all. The great fear which makes him kill, and incidentally produces his exhibitions of reckless objective bravery, has permeated his love areas and has emasculated them. Modern psychology has proved that two emotions cannot be present in a man at the same time. He can't fear when he is loving or love when he is fearing. What the gangster feels is a great psychic dread, which drives the psychic part of his love emotion out completely. Physically he is without fear, and physically he can mate as the animals do, but the more intense psychic part of his emotion—its real life—is completely lacking. He is a sick man sexually.

Still another side of the picture of love betrays a complete fear of it, both physical and psychic. We have just emerged from such an age of ignorance, and are

able to laugh at the strange Hells our ancestors built for themselves and the pitiful contortions they went through in their imaginary fires.

Passion to the Victorian age was a thing of dread. No lady had legs. Sex was a whisper. Babies came by some mysterious process beyond the ken of anyone. You would have thought that the doctrine of the immaculate conception was a law of this life. A dangerous sentimentality attempted to deny a great mood of nature.

Children were brought up in what was considered a state of innocence. They were dressed as much like angels as the completely lacking artistic sense of their elders would permit. Boys wore long curls and lacy, starched dresses. There was an almost universal sickness of spirit.

But this great fear of sex did not evade the question. *Discouragement*, *disappointment*, *depression*, *doubt*, *dread*, *despair* and *death* were just as active as they are to-day. These seven deadly devils were waiting for the man who tried to escape from sex, just as to-day they dog the one who worships it as the highest form of human enjoyment. When you and I deny sex, or when we consider it our highest goal, we are selling out. The animals propagate with only sex as an urge, and biologically we can do the same thing. But for us this isn't all. We have other obligations to perform before we can live up to our possibilities. Asceticism is not the answer, nor is the worship of sex.

Take the case of John French. He is no different from

thousands of men of his age. Many of his characteristics would be considered by the world as the signs of pre-eminent masculinity. John always thinks of himself as a he-man, associated with other he-men, and the problem that arouses his deepest disgust—and is, of course, of danger to him because it arouses his emotions so strongly—is the mention of homosexualism. He would kill all " pansies " if he had his way.

The reason he believes himself a he-man is because he can hold his liquor with the best of his friends. He loves nothing better than a glass of whisky and a couple of congenial friends after a game of golf. His ability to tell a droll tale has added much to his reputation for being a regular fellow. His body is in good shape through constant exercise, and the morning after is not so severe on this account.

He pursues women as his friends do, and has much success at the game. No woman has caught him yet and signed him up for life, and he does not intend to let this happen. He feels more masculine as he is. Married women are his particular delight—they are safer and know the subject of love better.

John is not particularly happy, but he doesn't realize it. He would tell you that everything was O.K., and certainly his associates believe this to be true. Once or twice he has been slightly alarmed at his desire for drink, and after one bout that lasted for three days, he decided to swear off for a while. But he found he couldn't do it.

His was a simple case of sex-neurasthenia, not serious or violent enough to force the sufferer to go to a psy-

chologist, but one illustrative of a growing epidemic to-day.

The drinking habit is considered by psychology as one of the substitutes for sex. Only in the exhilaration produced by alcohol is the ecstasy of sex approximated. Very often he-men and the he-women drink hard because they fear love, or don't know how to get it. It is an escape into dreams from the compulsive urge of this primary human emotion. Although it awakens sex instincts, it blunts the real drive of the emotion.

John was really, by all his actions, taking a sedative against love. His pleasure in the sexual story was a vicarious excitement, weak in quality; his fetish for exercise fatigued him pleasantly and dulled in some degree his secret urge.

The fact that he preferred married women was another angle of the weakening quality of his disease. He thought it was because they were safe, but the answer really was that they did not demand so much from him and were likely to take the place of a mother. This he unconsciously craved. His horror of homosexualism was so strong because unconsciously he felt that it held a danger and fascination for him. For it is always true that when a man's love emotion is not released in a natural manner, some perversion of it always enters the instinct. Any emotion not in exact accord with the laws of nature governing it is bound to be weakened. The weakness is the devil or the disease that possesses it.

Sex neurasthenia is the commonest of mental sicknesses. If we have this complaint, we can be sure of one

thing: that where love should be in our natures, fear has taken its place. One way to cure the disease is by a technique of fear. Fear the pain which will inevitably be yours if a basic change is not made. Admit the image of hate, that occupies your mind, and in its place try to put the image of a real love relation.

Another method we can use is to build up imaginatively the possibilities of monogamous love, but not confuse it with monogamous marriage. We must convince ourselves that it is possible for us, and that it will produce joy instead of pain.

We must look back to our childhood for the cause of our weakness, and ahead into the future for the possible mate. Women, for instance, must think of man as a human being, not a saint or a satyr, and feel equality with him, not superiority or inferiority.

Going along with our love at all times is the only answer to life, the only way to find joy. The terrors of the seven great, dismal devils can only be overcome by self-expansion. This is the way to distil our primary emotion of love from its substitutes.

Stephen Foster, the song-writer, found life as a bookkeeper intolerable. The drudgery of this drab vocation, combined with his inability to find love, drove him to drink as the only escape from monotony. It ruined his life. He could not love music quite enough. And so he died in poverty at thirty-eight, his throat cut by a broken washbowl in a low lodging-house.

If the habit of drink as a substitute for love takes hold of you, it is a most difficult one to break. Be certain

that to cure yourself you must do more than will to stop. Realize that your primitive qualities have taken charge of you, and that you must do some mental work. Repeat to your unconscious, as you would to a child, the new pattern of conduct you wish for yourself. Say it over and over again. Serious self-indulgence can only be changed by this process of creating and affirming a new image of conduct.

Go somewhere by yourself. Decide what you wish to do: whether to drink a little or to cease entirely. You will find moderation more practical than prohibition. Feel a hatred of the habit when you abuse it. Most of all, keep this positive process up, no matter how long it takes, or how often you fail.

The devil of sex neurasthenia is found everywhere and can attack men and women alike. Helen Hines was distinctly a dainty eater. The colour scheme of her salad had to be interesting, and she preferred best those carefully prepared little dishes baked in the oven, whose flavour was sublime and which didn't remind her of anything. If something she ate recalled the animal from which it came, she was off it completely. Her throat contracted and she couldn't swallow. She had strange, uncertain feelings in the region of her stomach. She wished people didn't have to eat. A lump in the mashed potatoes, a faint suspicion that the cream was turning sour, and the meal was finished as far as she was concerned.

She liked chicken best when it was served far away from the carcase, and the sight of the little livers convulsed her. A whole fish on a plate looked like a dead

fish (as it was), and revolted her. She didn't like to be reminded of the animal or bird that was the contributor to the meal, and the cruder, more uncultured vegetables were anathema. Disgust was her chief characteristic. So many things disturbed her dainty disposition.

Then there was the matter of clothes. Any sort of dirt drove her mad. If a fresh, clean dress should develop a spot by 10 A.M., she would have to take it off immediately. She was neatness and cleanliness itself, and a dirty fingernail on someone else was unpardonable. Hours were spent in bathing, beautifying, and trimming herself up. She was escaping from self-disgust every hour of the day.

She considered herself what she thought of as refined. All her friends knew that the off-colour story was not for her. No slapstick, boisterous comedy was desirable while she was around. She never said anything, but her manner spoke volumes. No man with any but the most suave manner could really approach her. The masculine type with their black, shaven chins and crude vitality she escaped from as soon as possible with her prevalent feeling of disgust.

She preferred the more feminine types, who spoke softly and looked so immaculate. Their greater interest in what she considered the niceties of life appealed to her.

Once she entered the underground. It was her last appearance there. The smell of its redolent humanity, the touch of the man who was crowded against her, made her faint with nausea. She pulled herself out at the next station, and sank exhausted and violated into a taxi.

Her laughter had a high, brittle sound like the crackling of a hundred tiny whips. It was cold and apparently not spontaneous, and there was a slight metallic break in her voice. Her greatest pleasure was the time she spent at the piano, playing Chopin on the upper register of the instrument. She never liked to descend to the heavy tonality of the bass.

One night as she was watching a moving picture, one of strong romantic interest, she suddenly burst into uncontrollable weeping. Her mother, who was with her, got her out of the theatre and home before the paroxysm passed. After the weeping, she lay in bed shivering violently, and into her mind flashed the picture of the beach and the kiss of Francis Cole, an incident which had occurred several years before. Although she pulled the covers over her head, the trembling continued for a long time, before warmth and sleep came upon her. In the morning she was as before.

Although Helen was far from knowing it, what all these symptoms meant was that she was demanding love, and offering nothing in exchange for it. Her organism was strongly sexual, but somewhere far back in her childhood something she had seen or heard shocked her normal erotic feelings into this strange, distorted form. She had arrived at a way of life about as far from nature as a human being can go.

When Helen had first become aware of sex as a child, it had come to her as a severe shock. Totally unprepared for this sudden knowledge, she had shrunk from it in horror. All her subsequent life had been affected

adversely by this misunderstood experience. Many things had been later associated with her inner terror, and her disgust for food was just a symbol of her unconscious fear.

Almost all hysteria has a deep sexual basis. The sex instincts do not mature, and the individual is torn between desire and horror. Such a blockage of sex expression can take two forms: violent action approximating in the casual acts of everyday life the paroxysms of sex, or a melancholy caused by its complete repudiation.

Unable to satisfy our instinctive urge because of the false ideas instilled in us in childhood, we are driven to erratic actions. It is unsatisfied desire that keeps the tears so near the surface in the case of hysterical people. Certain chance words or actions will make them react in a frenzied manner—usually because of their first, frightened look at love.

The French psychologist, Janet, made exhaustive researches into the condition of hysteria, which in general terms is the pressure of the ignorances of society upon an individual's immature spirit. In addition to the sex basis, he found that the strain put upon the human organism by bad human relations produces fatigues of the mind which affect the whole body, and wear out the organism before its time. The drive of the unconscious, labouring under the impossible load of false stimuli, comes out in hysterical actions. The nerves and glands, unable to function naturally, become sick and produce hysteria. There finally comes a saturation point when a man or woman

can suffer no longer in silence, and hysteria is really the bursting into tears of the whole organism.

When we are content to look for secondary satisfactions we are really selling life short. Hysteria and the more common defence mechanisms do not really give us pleasure. We cannot naturally have our instinctive wishes in their fullness, but we can continually look for ways to give them adequate release. It is the damming up of these floods of feeling by the conventions of society that gives us our pain.

To the hysteric, sex, as he has witnessed it, is horrifying, and yet, somehow, he still believes it is good. This split idea causes all the trouble. It uses up great emotional energy when the only expression of love emotion allowed is the hysterical symptom. No one can possibly hope to enter marriage with this handicap and expect happiness. Any day some little event may occur which will bring to consciousness the hidden frenzy of this disease—the sight of a half-done egg, the taste of sour cream, a sudden gesture. These are surface matters, troublesome but not apparently serious. When the approach to intimacy is made, however, the real trouble begins. Then the utter inability of the hysterical person to express anything but his fear is apparent. It may be cloaked in many disguises, but the deep distaste for love is clear and terrible.

When such a person comprehends that it is his repressed sex nature which is producing his strange symptoms, he has made progress towards his cure. If he can obtain a mental image of the idea of sex as a positive good, rather than a phantasy of fear, his main

troubles will be over. Then he should seek for the events in his childhood which gave him his feelings of disgust. This is difficult, but absolutely necessary, and if he deeply desires his freedom from this tyranny of his unconscious, he will be rewarded.

The two Hells of frustration and sex neurasthenia are very painful places to live in. In fact, no one really lives there, he only exists, waiting for the release he thinks Heaven will bring to him. But if he wishes to, he can substitute for this Heaven of his imagination a real one here on earth, by recognizing these Hells as existing only when he believes that they do. When his knowledge has increased to the point where he can really believe they do not exist, he looks out upon a new world of reality, beautiful because it is natural and growing.

CHAPTER XII

YOUTHFUL INFERNOS

William Edmonds, aged 21, died of tuberculosis at the home of his parents, Frank and Martha Edmonds, on June 20, 1930. Funeral will be private.

Everything about the Edmonds family had always been private. Their house on Main Street possessed an invisible sign over the front door, which the neighbours accurately read as "Keep out." Their opinions, their affections, their pew in church had this same exclusiveness. Even their cat never frequented the society on the back fence, but dozed by himself in the gloomy depths of the house.

Everything was quiet, secret, and to the outward eye loving, in this house. William had been born rather late in Martha's life, as she antedated her husband by a good twelve years, and the first few years of sexual mating had been rather painful to them both. The active stage of incompatibility was upon them before William came unexpectedly upon the scene. After his accession to the throne, the mutual dislike of the two marriage partners cooled to a sweet and negative courtesy.

Little William—he never attained to Bill, although his classmates called him "Turtle" for his habit of pulling his neck back into his body so that it almost disappeared—was a fine-looking child with eager blue eyes. These slowly lost their clarity as he felt the competition of his parents for his affections. They were quite open about this desire during his babyhood, but as he grew older, they both retired to worship him from a distance. All the frustrated love they felt so bitterly went out to the helpless boy, and silently demanded a return from him. This he gave to the best of his ability, and as he lost his psychic strength to them, he quietly yielded them his life.

His school days were friendless, his marks were good, and every afternoon he returned to the silent house like a fish pulled in by an invisible hook. His mother slaved for his comfort and his father proudly repeated his sayings when talking with his business acquaintances.

One day the Edmonds decided that William should go away to school. He complied with their decision as he always did, and was taken a hundred miles away and placed in a boarding-school. With aching hearts his parents left him alone in the great dormitory. William lasted there three days. The principal tried various experiments, but was finally forced to call up the Edmonds and ask them to take their boy home. He said that he had never seen such a severe case of homesickness. The Edmonds came and got their son, and William returned with them to the only security he knew: the silent, gloomy prison that had sucked out his youth.

Five years passed and he was dead. The only protest he was capable of making against the cloying love of which he was the victim. The doctor called it tuberculosis. But William died because of the failure in love of his two parents, which had murdered him as certainly as if he had been shot.

William was not at fault in this case; he was a helpless, inexperienced child, who found himself in the power of two possessive parents. He was not considered an individual with desires and inclinations of his own, but treated as a possession, a plaything, whose duty was to amuse and solace the two people who had brought him into the world. The tragic part of this case was that the pathetically ignorant search of the parents for joy through their son inevitably denied them the satisfaction they sought so selfishly, and inflicted upon them the terrible punishment that a disobedience to the laws of nature always produces. Such murder is being done to-day, everywhere. We are beginning to recognize the devil of possessiveness when we see it, but so far no laws have been devised to correct this cruel situation.

The findings of modern psychology can do nothing to help the child himself, except as it can educate the parents to an awareness of what they are doing. They are the people who need this new light on their problems of child-rearing, and only as they see and accept the new teachings will they find happiness themselves and bestow it upon their children.

The cause of the possessiveness of the parent is a profound one. His deepest desire is to give and receive

love. As the usual parent knows nothing about his unconscious motivations, which make this so difficult, he blindly follows the instinctive demands of his nature. His wife does the same thing in her fashion, and in most cases disagreement between the two is inevitable. They never question the reasons, but immediately blame each other, never thinking of trying to understand their own motives. After a few years this disagreement becomes entrenched into habit, and each thinks that it is hopeless to give to, or receive love from the other. Then the child is born, and at once the two turn their search for love towards the new member of the family. A bitter, competitive, psychic struggle then goes on with the child as the luckless recipient of such dubious emotion. He, entirely ignorant of love, imagines this is the real thing and usually does his best to return it. There have been cases of particularly sensitive children who have refused to nurse, the reason being that they felt the fact that the mother did not want them. They were not offered any love at all, and so they did not return it.

Usually, however, the mother lavishes her dammed-up emotion on the child, and he finds it very comforting. But whenever this passion is possessive, and therefore sentimental, the utmost harm is done to the emotional growth of the infant. The mother is not in her proper place in nature as the guardian of her child, but is an incestuous lover seeking for sexual satisfaction instead of the correct joys of nurture. The father adds his surplus sexual craving to the scene, and by this unnatural release of pent-up emotion, the child is

psychically mutilated. Sometimes, as in the case of William Edmonds, the draining of the child's energy is so great that his body suffers and death ensues. Usually, however, his emotional release is distorted and perverted, and he enters the world handicapped by one of the many strange aberrations for which our so-called civilization is responsible.

Krafft-Ebing, the German psychologist, has brought most of these sex perversions to light. His preoccupation with this negative aspect of human passion may not be very pleasant, but it is of the utmost value. The long and weary road away from nature is apparently crowded. It seems impossible that the human mind could devise so many ways to escape its obligations to life. On the other hand, it is a pathetic indication of the deep social ignorance that forces these unfortunates to seek their terrible compensations.

Why, for instance, should a man get erotic satisfaction from carrying a woman's stocking in his pocket? Is there anything more pathetic than this picture of man forced to satisfaction from a phantasy like this? The pressure of society forbids normal expression and accentuates the abnormal. We sink below the level of the animals simply because our conscious mind has misread and perverted the life-drive that normally should fill our consciousness.

Krafft-Ebing found that sometimes a man obtains a strange, perverted pleasure out of torturing himself, and he called this impulse masochism. Anyone who stays in a situation where his pain is continual is practising this perversion. Homosexuality, Lesbianism,

sadism, the countless abnormal sex manifestations, have one common denominator—the death wish in the unconscious. Homosexuality is a direct attack on the progress of the race, and all sex abnormalities mean that the potency of the race is being undermined.

Sadism is an erotic pleasure obtained from torturing others. While this word is a general term for cruelty, it was coined because of the grotesque erotic practices of the Marquis de Sade. The death wish, which is more common than is supposed, is simply the refusal of natural emotion.

One of these emotional distortions of the life-drive is a deep, subjective problem called phobia. It is a form of fear and tends to keep one from acting. When a man has severe phobia he can hardly move physically. And of course his mind is barely able to function. To free himself from this disease he must endeavour to change the images which rule his irrational conduct. He must know that this fear started in childhood, and he should ponder deeply on the childish aspects of his conduct. He must realize that it was caused by a series of emotional shocks suffered in early life, which has been forgotten. Continual thinking along these lines will sometimes bring to the mind the actual events which caused the trouble. A man can free himself from phobia by effort and the building up of new and courageous images of conduct.

Some people fear to be in a crowd, some fear to look out of a high window, some fear the underground, others the idea of water. The most common reason for these fears is unconscious guilt, with which they have

been falsely connected. The guilt is bestowed upon them in childhood, usually by ignorant teaching. For instance, as the inhibited older folks lecture them for their early sex manifestations, some striking part of the scene gets attached to the false sense of guilt. Sure in other ways, these grown-up people turn into children in a split second when something touches their hidden guilt. The mere mention of the word woman is guaranteed to send some men into a trembling, negative rage. Whisper that this is a man-made world, and some women will bristle with indignation or sulk for hours.

When your guilt is deeply felt, you hate yourself and all men. You are guilt itself, fear itself, and the sad thing is that it is always false and undeserved.

The great loneliness of phobia is not helped much by distraction. For a few hours, a couple of years, you may be turned from this problem of solitude. But it is still there with you, and all the crowding of men around you only emphasizes its compulsions. Your deepest urge is for companionship, for someone to understand you, to take the love that is your only way out from loneliness.

There is an old story of an Eastern pilgrim who met the Plague. " Where are you going? " he asked. " I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," the Plague replied. Days later the Pilgrim met the Plague returning. " You told me you were going to Bagdad," the former said, " to kill five thousand people, but instead of that fifty thousand have died." " No," was the Plague's reply, " I killed only five thousand as I told you I would; the others died of fright."

Negative fear is our greatest enemy. In the last analysis of ourselves, it is the false fear of environment that produces our unadjusted lives. It takes a million forms. Unless we free our minds, we never know when we are being attacked by it, and we become mental beggars. Consider one phase of the many ways negative fear can make us look like fools:

Frank Rhodes was a poor relation. His story is a rare experience in social agony, or should I say social sickness. His rich relatives decided it was time they did something for the Rhodes, and so he was invited to spend a week with them in the country. His younger sister was openly jealous, and he condescended even more than usual in his attitude towards her.

He looked his clothes over carefully, and decided that they were terrible. He pressed the old suit and ties, and wished he wasn't going. And yet, of course, he finally went, fearful and quite excited.

On the train he thought amorously of his female cousin. Secretly he had always considered her a knock-out, although his admiration had never passed out of the thought stage. For he had also always been afraid of her.

He arrived at the station in the country. No one was there to meet him. He tripped over his suitcase as he descended from the train, and as carelessly as possible took up a position which he hoped was nonchalant, but he knew his hope was a vain one.

His cousin finally arrived, saying she was so sorry to keep him waiting. He said: "Oh, never mind." He couldn't think of anything else to say, and she didn't

bother much. As she motored him away, he found himself in that uneasy state where he rehearsed in his mind his next remark and then cast it aside as lacking drive. He was by now completely licked socially.

His aunt greeted him kindly, and he reacted favourably to this. He said: "Yes, Mother and Father are fine." His cousin had disappeared. His uncle came in, shook him by the hand, and then completely forgot about him for the rest of the week. At dinner that night his older male cousin was very witty, and he despaired of saying anything in the same high vein. This older man was, however, the only person who dared or cared to be kind to him. Frank was as grateful as a whipped dog. The rest of the family were in that fearful state of uncertainty—just like his own, although he didn't know it—about words, actions, the correct thing to think. Their fear spread over the room in a pall of snobbishness.

During the week he snatched moments of pseudo-enjoyment, which came to sudden halts as new and more distinguished visitors entered the scene, just as he was beginning to feel a bit of ease. He lost this assurance immediately and feared them and their resplendent confidence. Intuitively he knew that they were wondering who that tongue-tied fellow was, and where he got those extraordinary clothes. He accepted their adverse judgment unquestioningly, and wished that he was a thousand miles away.

At last the long week was over, and all by himself in the train he relaxed for the first time since he left home. He began to think of his female cousin amatively. He

kidded himself into believing he had had a good time. When he got home, he had attained to a state of snobbishness as pure as that of his relations. Proudly he recounted to an admiring family his wonderful adventures of the week.

Frank was not to blame for an attitude such as this. He had imbibed almost with his mother's milk the idea that social position is God-like. The influences about him, his parents, his friends, the newspapers, all repeated this falsehood. He was not old enough or bright enough to detect the fallacy of his belief. Society, with its false and dangerous sense of values, was responsible. He was impregnated with the money virus, just as if he had caught the influenza germ. The results were just as serious for him, as far as any happiness in living was concerned.

The error the poor relation makes is his acceptance of the false idea that the difference between his relatives and himself is simply their possession of wealth. They feel the difference also, and from this childish idea comes their superiority. It is the doctrine of the child saying: "I have something you can't get," and a magnificent strutting of power. Such ignorance of life always springs from infantile sources.

Inferiority is greatly encouraged by the incorrect ideas of family life. As the family is the child's introduction to society, the more it can be like later social life the better it is for the child. The lack of interest of the world in a man's effort is rarely encountered in the family. There the personal pride of the parents in their offspring always softens the blows the children

should become used to. Therefore, the part played by the parent is an extremely difficult one: namely, to look objectively at the child and allow him none of the soft coddling that unfits him for later life.

The secret of parenthood, as of all other phases of life, is simply impersonalism. The child is not yours. You are simply the biological instrument through which he entered the world. You are his teacher during his formative years, and if you try to possess him, you are really murdering him. It is the greatest privilege to watch the unfolding growth of a child, and you should pay for this privilege by a stark desire really to protect him. Only by bitterly routing out your negative desires for personal satisfaction can you do this. Motherhood is the rarest of benefits, and usually the least prized.

Adler speaks continually about social interest, the necessity of a growing person to conform to the dictates of the society he finds about him. He says that criminals and neurotic people are anti-social. His aim is to get them back to useful social life. To him this is the supreme goal image of life, and our goals, he says, are the images our power-drive is looking towards.

There is some truth in this statement, but it fails to evaluate the real worth of the ideas of society. Adler is critical of the individual and his lacks, but apparently totally uncritical of society. It is as it is, he thinks, and nothing can be done about it.

He does not appear to realize how much the neuroses take root as the direct outcome of utterly unjust social pressure. To adhere to some of the insane restrictions

of society would produce even more neuroses than at present. The example of genius the world over is always that of refusing the dictates of the herd. Life for them would be impossible if they allowed the white heat of their emotions to be smothered under the continual "No" of society. As Adler's theory helps to free the individual from his neurosis, this new man has nowhere to go unless society changes the rules also, and says: "We will make a place where a free man can live."

Inferiority is a continual unhappy hunting for your basic qualities. Until you can find them and satisfy yourself, you wander about furtively hoping that no one will notice you. You appear to yourself as a wearer of outgrown clothes, and come to expect public ridicule. Often you feel that what rightfully belongs to you has been taken away by society, and compensate for this by boasting and over-statement.

Hoping to fool others, you assume an attitude of conceit you do not feel. Without the support of boasting, you relapse into a continual state of embarrassment, fear to speak in public, are afraid to announce your opinions. In the vain hope of finding yourself in action, you load yourself with a great burden of responsibility and compensation. You never look within to discover yourself, but always outwards where the terrors are, which are never the answer to your search. Seeing your homely face, you wince. You notice your clumsy hand, and the weight of your abasement falls more heavily upon you. An inner

confidence in the success of your search is yours, but also an inordinate fear of the powers of your environment.

Sometimes inferiority feeling comes from a false after-image of an event in life. When we go through an experience, we think of it afterwards from two angles. First we remember its exciting actual events, and then are influenced by the after-image of the affair. If the experience is completely understood at the time, the after-image is likely to be more accurate than the actuality. More often it is misunderstood. For instance, the after-image of a love affair which has not been consummated is often very harmful. The lovers read into their untimely separation all the love of which they feel capable. Had they married, the result of their union might have been very different from what they now spend long hours dreaming about.

Phantasies and day-dreams are pleasant, but often harmful hangovers from incomplete experiences. We should try to separate the wheat from the chaff, and see everything that has occurred to us as it actually happened, shorn of the usual sentimentalities of the after-image. The closer to the inward meanings of events we can keep, the more we are living and the less inferior we shall be.

No one who has filled his mind with wealth can ever be caught in the position of inferiority. The possession of this psychic knowledge is the cause of a great confidence. If your face is homely, it will not affect you when you have a love for any art or science. The mental wealth of President Eliot of Harvard made him

so confident that he never allowed the disfigurement of a large birthmark to affect him in any way. No one ever knew that he realized his blemish. To others, this would have been a cause for debasement.

Think back over your early life and see who or what put you into the position of slave. It might have been your older brother, your parents, a nurse, or some boy who practised a little sadism on you. Find the cause, and then decide that you will no longer submit to this conception of yourself. Bring yourself up to date, modernize your thought. You wouldn't wear the clothes you donned in 1900; why carry on with the same old ideas?

CHAPTER XIII

UNCONSCIOUS URGES

When a man is successful, you may be virtually sure that some demon of fear is lurking in his mind. No man is without fears which affect adversely the things he is trying to do. It is only when he penetrates below his consciousness, indeed below his memories, that the true man appears and his mind is set free.

Our instinct for self-preservation is a primary one. It is most useful when we use it as nature intended. But we seldom do this. Nature gave it to us to help us avoid physical pain and death. We have come to associate it falsely with psychic pain, and this is our error in thinking which gives us a large amount of our troubles.

For instance, an ignorant mother fears the dark. Her child sees and feels this fear and copies it, so that ever afterwards a nameless dread seizes him whenever he has to face it. He has falsely associated his instinct for self-preservation with the question of darkness. Nature does not recognize that there is any particular danger to his body from lack of light. But he imagines all sorts of horrors that might attack him. This

ignorant psychic fear, when long continued, will sap his strength and cause him great pain.

It is the liberation of the individual from such negative fears as this that is one of the most important functions of the new psychology. The most important method used to obtain this result is a modern application of the Socratic technique for discovering the content of thought.

While we understand more about the functioning of the mind than the Greeks, Socrates, who called himself a midwife of the mind, devised the questioning method which has been followed in psycho-analysis. By persistent questioning and boring into the subject under discussion, Socrates was able to get at the meaning behind sentences, and allow his listeners to realize how false had been the premises on which they had considered their ideas founded.

There is a similarity between the Socratic method and the exorcism of devils so dramatically described in the four Gospels. Modern, analytic psychology repeats this method. Negative thinking is exposed and proved useless. Spiritual values are given greater value than stereotyped ideas. The foolish man who denies subjective values in favour of objective facts will never free himself from his delusions. Nor can anyone help such a man. Neurosis is not an objective fact, but a subjective delusion, and the fear mechanisms that control it can only be made plain by a subjective approach.

Here is a little illustration of the Socratic, analytic method as it discloses the real meaning behind a man's ideas:

"Do you know I have so many friends they are becoming a nuisance." Ellis spoke rather condescendingly.

The old man looked at him smiling and replied:

"Why, the world would consider you a lucky man."

"I know, but I never can seem to do what I want to."

"What do you want to do?"

Ellis pondered:

"Well, between you and me, I have some ideas on an invention I wish to try out."

"Your friends keep you from doing this?"

"Yes," Ellis said, "it is difficult to find any time. I like to be a good sport and they are always calling me up for bridge or golf or dropping in for a highball."

"Are they really friends?" The old man's voice was insistent.

"Certainly, they're a great crowd."

"Why do you want to be a good sport?"

Ellis began to weaken:

"I don't know, I've always thought you should."

"Should what?"

"Oh, be polite, be one of the boys."

The old man looked at him steadily:

"So you are allowing your life to be ruined by a mistaken sense of politeness. I should say it was an insult to your friends, as you call them. I wouldn't consider them friends. They are really your enemies, unconsciously keeping you from your real interest in life. No real friend would so presume upon your time. Your true friends—and they will be few—are as interested as you in your work."

Every psychologist uses this probing method in his search for true meanings. You can use it effectively on your friends and on yourself. It will teach you never to accept the obvious conclusion when dealing with such an irrational creature as a human being. Always seek for purposes and intentions, which are hidden behind the usual sentences.

One of the main reasons why we are such mysteries to ourselves is because we are not integrated individuals. Because most of us know one part of our nature, we think we know our whole disposition. But we don't. We are made up of a number of parts usually disconnected, no one part knowing any other. The conscious part we call ourselves. The unconscious parts, however, affect us every day in ways that are perplexing to the conscious mind. Our mental machinery is in disorder just so long as we fail to learn the characteristics of our other selves and combine them in one personality.

Morton Prince, a former professor at Harvard University, who spent years in studying the divisions in our natures, states that a synthesis of these multiple personalities into consciousness is normal. If they do not know each other, dissociation and abnormal behaviour are inevitable. In schizophrenia, the split in personality is so pronounced that it is a real insanity, the victim being unable to adapt himself to life at all.

The more we can get to know the unfamiliar and undeveloped parts of our nature, the more chances for happiness we have. With each gain in this knowledge we increase our spiritual wealth. When that mood of

sadness floods you, be sure that one of your unknown parts is at work. Try to remember the original events that brought sadness into your life, for they also brought this troublesome split in your consciousness.

Prince is the discoverer of the power of emotional tone. It is of the utmost importance to understand what this is. When you listen to any statement, you are affected by its emotional tone more than by its thought. This is where your real interest lies. Unless a chord of feeling is touched by the speaker, he may be as wise as Plato and you will not give heed. Intellectuality is so barren of result because of its lack of emotion. Reason, unless it is tempered by some form of emotion, is powerless.

The recognition of the various parts of your nature then adds immeasurably to the emotional tone of what you are saying, as it adds to your interest in listening. If you wish to be aware of yourself, you should strive for this union of your dissociated parts. You are mildly insane or neurotic when divided into your parts, and sane only when you are a whole man or woman.

Here's a case of a man so divided. Objectively he was successful, subjectively he was in the utmost confusion. Only as he became aware of his inner chaos, did he have the slightest chance for happiness.

Sam Lawson was, without question, a success at college. He was always the centre of a little group. While his wit was on the heavy side, his confidence carried it across. His 180 pounds were equally distributed along his six-foot skeleton. His muscles obeyed his brain

with speed and efficiency. Opponents on the football grid-iron had found this out to their discomfort. By junior year he had acquired all the social and athletic honours possible to one man.

Sam was going to be elected captain of the football team. He was also going to be the " last man tapped " for the most exclusive club—the highest distinction the undergraduate mind could imagine.

According to Adler, Sam would have exhibited social interest to a high degree in his college life. He had the centre of the stage. The society in which he moved considered him their finest effort, and showered all their honours upon him. He had accepted, hook, line and sinker, the social ideas of his false little world. He had scored social touchdown after touchdown by never allowing his real nature to come to the surface. Apparently on the way to wealth and success, he was actually on the road to pain.

Sam was graduated and went into the steel business. His employer was a Varsity man and very proud of having acquired him. He was promoted promptly, and knew that his money problems would never be serious.

The girls had always adored his beautiful body, and were especially intrigued by an unapproachability, which Sam himself did not realize. He could, and did, have any number of them, and did not worry about not taking them very seriously. He enjoyed playing squash best and drinking with his men friends.

It was the drinking that finally forced Sam to do something. He found himself indulging more and

more, and once he lost all control of himself and burst into a wild fit of weeping. He was losing his affability in his cups, and said angry things which he had never believed were in him to say. His friends couldn't understand it, and were gradually losing interest in him.

The fit of weeping frightened him. He decided that he needed some help, and in great fear finally went to a consulting psychologist.

Under sympathetic guidance a strange new picture of himself developed before Sam's astounded eyes. He was brought to see that within his masculine exterior was really a little boy weeping over the rejection of his love by a sick mother who had never wanted him, that this love of his had been deflected too early to his father. He learned that this admiration for his father was the cause of a concealed trend towards homosexuality.

His popularity with men, his preference for them instead of women, was the outward sign of this condition. The state was not violent enough in him to make physical action necessary, but simply made the direction of his love emotion perverse. As he prohibited the natural release of love, the outward expression of his inner inhibition was an increased affability and the heaviness of his humour. There was really no joyous play left in him, but only the great sadness of his childhood loss, and his pathetic compensation for it.

The psychologist made him see finally that the women who adored him, with whom he had had such success, were drawn to him for one reason. They

were the coquette type, all of them, and did not want love. They unconsciously felt that he was safe because he did not love them. His homosexual tendencies were not active, but would always be powerful enough to spoil his relations with women.

Sam grew up emotionally during these interviews. He saw some of the other parts of his nature for the first time, and he realized that he had been safe physically, and apparently successful, but really dangerously near to death psychically. He had met the requirements of his environment, but for all that had been really suspended, feet off the earth, in the land of make-believe where most of us spend our days.

Sam had not known that there was a little self-indulgent child within him, broken-hearted because his mother had not loved him. And yet, this child was influencing his actions every day in a negative way. Sam's attention to himself was poor, which is another way of saying that he was neurotic.

David Seabury has applied with great success the idea that neurosis is an error in attention. You have perhaps seen the man who turns his complete focus on fault-finding and who apparently cares not for the consequences. You recognize that he is turning his mind in a negative direction, and that he is only feeding his growing limitation by his procedure.

We are always stumbling over people who are full of fear of the consequences of their actions. Their attention is so fixed on danger and punishment that they are hardly able to act at all. They wonder whether the oysters they ate were fresh, if they should have taken

the baby out in the snow, what Mrs. Brown thought of their remark about the weather, what will happen if they spend all that money on a trip to the Continent.

A young man suffered a car accident entirely due to inattentiveness. Psychology taught him to associate alertness with the specific act of driving a car. When going to bed he was told to picture himself objectively alert at the wheel. When he had done this long enough to impress the new habit on his unconscious mind, the focus of his attention turned from subjective day-dreaming to objective, alert attention, and he became a fine driver.

He was a story-writer, and had been accustomed to be disturbed by every little happening around him. He found himself constantly interrupted in his train of ideas. In this case he was taught to give his attention completely to his subjective activity; to ignore objective occurrences and allow his dreams to develop into plot and action. He needed training in both the objective and subjective aspects of his life. A habit of attention good in one area of life was very bad in another.

You have your objective and subjective areas. Train your attention to function normally in each sphere. Do not allow subjective thought to interfere with objective action. The alertness of your attention is an indication of how bright you are and to what extent you are alive.

Whatever idea gets into your unconscious first has a great advantage over the later ones. If hate gets there before love, it takes mental dynamite to blow it out.

The first idea always keeps you from seeing the next one clearly. It seems as if the one necessary technique of modern psychology is contained in the words: "Go back to your childhood and find the cause of your trouble." If later events influence you, the reason they affect you so strongly can always be found in your early family life.

Think of your strong memories of childhood. See if you can determine why your mind has allowed them to become so prominent. Are they happy memories or sad? Have they to do with fear or love? Realize that only the happiest ones will be easily remembered. See how you can renew those pleasant experiences in your present life. Ask yourself whether you consider them to have been healthy experiences or deranged ones.

Never give up this search of your childhood, never cease to look for genuine love emotions. Rout out the fear by a greater one—the fear that you may never lose your present pain unless you do.

To some, the discovery that a rabbit's glands pour a stream of adrenalin into his blood when a dog barks in front of his cage is only a "laboratory experiment." To others, it is a test that bears intimately on their everyday lives. They are not especially concerned with the matter of seconds which elapse between the rabbit's first fright and the appearance of an unusual amount of sugar in his blood, but profoundly interested in how their own organisms are upset when anger, fear and pain ravage them.

A sense of satisfying self-command comes to anyone who realizes what it means in the maintenance of life

and vigour in his organism to keep from undirected, emotional fury. Every time he becomes angry, or fear takes possession of him, he moves one step nearer his grave. More than this, his powers for action in some measure die, while he is still alive as a structure of bones and flesh. Upon the proper working of the chemistry of your organism your fullness of life depends. Modify the efficiency of the chemical combination, and little energy is left in your body.

You can see whether you are on the road to being an integrated person if you analyze the positive and negative mechanisms by which you think. Examine yourself to find how many of the positives you use every day and how many of the negatives.

Do you consider life dull and drab, your wife obstinate, your children a nuisance, your business hopeless, the weather bad, the Government worse? A continual emphasis on negatives is a sure sign that you are in a state of subjective confusion which will make your life a Hell for you until you have faced it and tried to gather together your scattered parts into one whole.

If you feel that it is impossible for you to make money, for instance, reflect upon the subject at great length. Ask yourself why you have this fear, this lack of confidence in yourself and life. Try to find the cause of the aberration in some incident of your early life. Perhaps you watched with too great sympathy the struggle of your father to provide you with what he wanted to give you. You saw his self-denial, you heard his complaints about the difficulty of making both ends meet. But more than the words he said, you imitated

his fear, you felt his inner state. This became a part of you, and in later life the seeds of fear which he had sowed in you became your lack of confidence, and you shrank in negative dismay at the idea of the word money.

These unconscious fixations are all ways of death. We ourselves don't know about them, we only see how they keep us from our rights, and if accepted as natural, their bad effects are enormous. You cannot rationalize them. They must be dug from the unconscious, and laid bare to the conscious mind before health is restored. You can only understand yourself by the use of subjective methods. The more illogical or painful the action, the more you need to study the unconscious delusions from which it sprang.

CHAPTER XIV

HIDDEN INTENTIONS

In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, " Is it good, friend? "
" It is bitter—bitter," he answered;
" But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart."

When Stephen Crane allowed his unconscious to speak as plainly as he did in this poem, he surely did not know in his conscious mind what he was saying. The intention behind this verse would have shocked him considerably if he had realized its import. Notice the harsh phonetics, the st's, the K, the sq, the double t's and the hard c. The sharp accent of danger, the quick cry of fear, are dominant here. Terror is the emotion of this poem.

The desert, arid, without hope or change, is the environment of this dreamer. He finds a bitter pseudo-pleasure in his suicide. Crane sees himself or man, distorted by neurosis, as a collection of animal perversions. Unable to see a way out of death, he

gives himself to his masochistic orgy, and enjoys the slow torture of devouring his own heart.

Under all art there lies the hidden intention of its creator. Weak emotions produce feeble works, which last but a short time. The greatest works of art are products of a tapping of cosmic energy, and they live for long periods of time simply because they are true reflections of the forces of life.

Crane's poem, which most clearly follows the patterns of death, is of little importance except as an illustration of the small amount of vitality present in the attitude of negative fear. The responsive chord it strikes in a reader is to his negative masochism, common enough, but atavistic and deadening.

Longfellow took the centre of the stage in his day, but now we look upon him with apathy. The reason, of course, is because he never got below the surface sentimentalities of life. He described facts, events, and was conscious only of their objective values. The troubles and sufferings of Evangeline, the village blacksmith, Hiawatha's story, are all smoothly treated with little thought that cuts through the surface events of their lives.

Wordsworth has been called a preacher of simplicity. But when we review his lines we wonder if this is a just appraisal of him. True, he talks of nature: the daisy, the daffodil, the yew tree, the green linnet, the lark; but he looks at them with an objectivity which seems like myopia. After all, repetitive descriptions of a flower, a tree, a bird in his hands seem like a photographic view somewhat blurred by the disease of his sentimentality. He is always describing ruined castles,

the kitten on the wall, " A seemly cottage in this sunny dell," " Four dogs, each pair of different breed," " Sweet flower, belike one day to have a place upon thy Poet's grave," " O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird? " Always objective, he approaches life with the greatest fear, touching the surfaces, but shying away into a moody melancholy before the heat which he feels and fears within.

Notice his halting approach to woman and love. " She was a phantom of delight," " Among all lovely things my love had been." He did not touch often upon the subject, and when he did, he invented a great cloak of words to hide his barrenness of emotion. In *Ode to Duty* he associates duty with love. Here he agrees with modern psychology. But I wonder whether he knew the obligations lying within the duty to love? With him, I imagine, there was a compulsion which directed a love of duty. Once in a while the daffodils flutter and dance before his inward eye, but the fact that they were ten thousand strong somehow reduces their power and leaves his vision still objective and short-sighted.

There is a warmer and more earthy smell about Byron. He touched the ladies, many of them. And as he touched them he also found that simplicity was not for him, " He could not love but one." He plunged into objective life and fought his way about. And when he emerged, he looked towards the future, and this is what he saw. " I say—the future is a serious matter—And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water."

For him the love of women is a fleeting thing where physical defects and decay loom large and make him fearful. The hair of his love is ever turning grey, the breast, " How could I dwell upon its snows? " " Our only hope is to forget." Through all this maze of physical love runs the thread of its life, the omnipresent wish for death.

" Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love." Byron is eternally seeking this first kiss, and to him it is all there is. He sees no farther than the lovely casing in which his love exists. And this, he knows, will moulder and decay. Like a modern scientist, he makes experiment after experiment, and at the end his doubting attitude still exists. He does not see any generalization except the failure of his experiments.

And at the end of his busy thirty-six years he has these lines to show for his attempt to live :

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !

These men were clever, but they never knew what they were saying. Negative fear and the death-wish are apparent in their work. The cold, inhuman death of the ascetic is there, as well as the seemingly more robust desire for objective experience of the libertine. But the real lack of energy displayed is about the same.

Poetry may seem far off from everyday life, but the psychologists do not find it so. Jung, through his observation of the collective unconscious, has become

profoundly interested in the latent content behind poetry. In a sense, he sees the way all men are kin and recognizes this as a primary aspect of unconscious thought in verse. He has found that the conflict between the life-wish and the death-wish functions in both the personal and collective unconscious. And he recognizes that in poetry, a subjective form of expression, this conflict is most clearly brought out.

Jung analyzes Goethe's *Faust* and finds the suicidal impulse which always fills the psyche, when neurosis has hold of the organism. Faust rebels against life and is in doubt about what to do. Mephistopheles comes to him and offers him youth and passion, personified as Marguerite, in exchange for his soul. Faust accepts and goes to his destruction because love without the soul can bring only death.

It is not a bad idea for us to take the findings of Jung as he analyzes the Prometheus Epimetheus story, and work out a technique from it. Jung finds the usual contest between the life-wish and the death-wish in this poem. Prometheus is life: the dreamer, expansion, the process of growth. Epimetheus is the money-changer: the restrictor, the eternal "No" of society. We all have elements of both qualities in us, and our choice of one or the other as the way we wish to live is the sign of our growth or our decay.

Money knows nothing but power. It can, therefore, take one of two places in our lives. If we accept it as master, we automatically become slaves. If we make it a slave, we become the master. It is so necessary a part of our lives that we cannot do without it. We

need its benefits utterly, but we should make it work for us, and not allow it the supreme position which society gives it.

If you work for growth earnestly, money will come and help you. It will not make you rich, but it will not let you starve. If you do not worship it, money will respect you, if you give slavish adoration, it will return you the contempt you deserve. Pay your taxes with it, but never use it to pay your friends or those you love. Realize that your psychic inheritance is priceless, that unearned money is worth just exactly the amount of energy you have put into obtaining it.

We must examine ourselves to find out whether we are exhibiting the life-wish or the death-wish. Heaven or Hell in this life is the result of our choice of one or the other. Knowing how to determine accurately which wish is really activating us is the most difficult and yet the most necessary duty of a growing man or woman. For our real wishes are disguised from ourselves. Just as the scientist uses a microscope to identify the germs he is studying, so we must intensify our thinking processes and make them do the same duty, as we examine the psychic germs that are within us.

All our negative thoughts and actions will appear under this minute examination as outward expressions of an inner death-wish. In the last analysis they will be seen as irritation caused by the fact that our ego-centricity cannot overcome the difficulties of life. Our hopeful, aspiring, positive impulses will be identified as the stirring of the life-wish within us. This is a deep awareness that we all feel at times of the possibilities

of joy in life when our egotism is surrendered as not worth the pain that always goes with it.

In all great and lasting works of art you will find the life-wish behind the phrases and the lines.

Read some poetry with the idea in your mind of discovering the latent content behind the words. It is a fascinating thing to do. See the mother-fixation in Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, the death-wish in Stevenson's beautiful *Will o' the Mill*, the perversions behind Tennyson's poetry. When you have done this kind of reading you will begin to see yourself more clearly.

Then read Emerson's *Brahma*, or William Blake's *Morning* and see the difference between the death-wish and the aspiration for life.

DURA TAMIL SANGAM

CHAPTER XV

CASTING OUT MAMMON

Alden Carpenter was the son of a millionaire. He had not seen much of either of his parents at any time during his life. They were so busy with their social engagements: Mrs. Carpenter most of the time, and Mr. Carpenter when he could get away from the banking business that made their manner of life possible.

Alden, however, received the best attention that money could buy. His nurses were carefully chosen and, as soon as possible, he was put in an expensive, progressive school where great attention was paid to his reactions to all sorts of stimuli, which were mostly artificial. The chauffeur was fond of him and took him for motor drives. Another side of the chauffeur's duties was to guard him against kidnappers. Alden was aware of this threat to his security although no one had told him about it.

He saw his resplendent mother at intervals, when she caressed him and gave him presents. Sometimes on Sundays his father would play with him, but something usually called him away from these games.

At the age of ten he was sent to school and from there

eventually to the University. Here he did the usual things the sons of the wealthy engage in—dinners, dances, drinking parties, football and a little tennis to keep in trim. He even developed an interest in rare books and browsed around the shops looking for first editions. One or two of his finds he read.

Alden had no difficulty in passing his exams with the aid of a little intensive tutoring on the difficult subjects. His education had also included a somewhat broad if not deep knowledge of women. At graduation he was a handsome specimen with a certain manner of curious boldness, which forbade access to him except to those he considered his equals. His main interest in life was to seek some new distraction which would take his mind off his continual boredom. Although totally uninterested in the idea of making money—it had always come so easily to him that he never gave its acquisition a thought—he knew that everyone would expect him to do something, and so faced the idea of the Stock Exchange without any sense of elation.

He married a beautiful girl whom he met at someone else's coming-out party and who had enjoyed the feminine counterpart of his own education. She was equally wealthy and equally bored with existence. The marriage lasted four years, and they parted shortly after Alden began to play around with another woman. There was no particular hard feeling displayed by either when the time for separation came. It was considered a common enough performance for those who could afford it. By this time they both thought themselves sophisticated.

Alden was a sick man mentally, sick because of his upbringing and the money which had bought him every object he desired and had carefully guarded him from any acquaintance with the natural values of life. He had never had the nurture from his parents that every child has a right to expect. Lacking this sense of security which only the love of parents can give a child, he had developed mentally. Emotionally, he had remained static in a real inner state of despair. His basic insecurity made him assume a surface attitude of superiority in a pathetic attempt to compensate for what he lacked.

In a way, his feet had never touched the earth as he stepped from motor to dancing-floor. He could do nothing with his hands or with his brain. Artificial stimuli, far removed from the elemental energy of the earth that the poor have to face, had created his only conception of life. Actually his money had allowed him to escape the realities of natural experience.

For instance, as Freud has so ably pointed out, a boy treats his mother as the first love-object, and considers his father as the rival for her affection. In adolescence he works through this infantile emotional stage until he looks at both parents more impersonally, and finally decides to imitate what he considers the good qualities of his father. He wins through to an independence and confidence in his own qualities by this method, which is the sign of his correct emotional development.

Alden had never gone through this necessary human experience—the money of his parents had kept him from it, to his great loss. Wealth had coddled him,

weakened and softened him, by denying him the opposition he needed to mature.

Focus on money always does this to the individuals who think they are being helped by it. It is the most insidious of the evil influences which take away our natural strength and retard our progress. The only way to cast out this devil is to make it your slave and not your master. Such an enterprise takes great skill and hardihood and is not easy to do. Every custom, tradition and precept of the society in which we live raises money to a high pinnacle of achievement and exhorts all of us to bend every effort towards its attainment.

This is the motive that makes us hurry, produces our marvellous mechanical efficiency, and causes our almost universal over-anxiety. This fear demands more rapidity in workers, machines, more dash in jazz, more speed in books; we want love in a hurry, information boiled down so that we can digest it while bolting our food.

Digest periodicals, picture magazines are all part of the new efficiency which speeds up men and minds to the breaking-point. Money is behind this compulsive mania of modern life.

The way out of anxiety is through relaxation. Learn the speed at which you can best work, and pay no attention to the hurry around you.

Galen, the ancient Greek physician, propounded an idea well worth our considering to-day. He divided all men into four classes—choleric, sanguine, phlegmatic, and melancholic. The first two types were easy to start, emotionally quick in reaction and easy to stop;

the last two, hard to start, slow in reaction, and difficult to stop when they were finally aroused.

A variation of the same idea in modern terms is the recognition that we all have our activity speeds and durations. This idea comes from English Bagby. Some people are rapid, others slow, some carry on for periods of long duration, others for short. The question of your speed and endurance is most important in considering your vocation.

A high-powered burst of speed, such as a good life-insurance salesman exhibits as he finally terrifies you into signing on the dotted line, would be of no use to a farmer ploughing steadily all day long. Good salesmen are spasmodic workers, able to spur themselves to high speed for short intervals. Good mechanics work steadily and patiently, unscrewing and screwing up nuts as they operate on the vitals of sick motors.

The big executive is apt to be spasmodic. He has brilliant ideas, but is no glutton for work, and is particularly adept at finding others to take the load off his shoulders. The clerks in his office working on their books are likely to resemble the farmer in the patience and long duration of their effort.

Your emotions work the same way. Some people are quick to anger, and quick to get over it. Others are hard to move, and, once going, very difficult to stop. A home containing a woman of easy stimulation to anger and a man who is hard to arouse is apt to develop difficult tensions. When the man is finally driven to rage, it is so strong and long-continued that the woman is completely mystified.

See how your body and psychic speeds fit into the work you are doing, the home-life you enjoy. Try to realize how your childish regressions have operated to nullify your speed. Keep going ahead, but at your own speed.

Take a look at the duties and responsibilities with which you have loaded yourself. Are they necessary to your happiness, or are they not really caused by your complete acceptance of the power of money? Thoreau in his hut at Walden Pond was able to live happily on practically nothing. He well knew the relaxing powers of nature.

If you accept no burden of responsibility except what is rightfully your own, you will begin to relax. Contrary as it may seem, your new relaxation will make you more efficient in your work.

For all skill is relaxation. Watch a good golf player and see the apparently careless way he addresses the ball. Every muscle is relaxed until the moment of impact, and then comes relaxation again.

In thinking, you need the same flexibility. Tense minds are not fruitful ones. Relaxation comes when you find your own speed and duration. Anxiety follows your effort to usurp the powers of another. Remember, competing with 100,000,000 people is too large a job for one man.

Money is our central obsession, forced upon us by the present dominant ideas of society. We have had to identify it with our instinct for self-preservation. The difficulties in the way of its acquisition have produced a strange phenomenon which the psycho-

logists have called circular thinking. Any obsession produces this erroneous type of thought. When anxiety controls us, our minds can do nothing but revolve around the central idea that has caused the fear. This is a stampede of the mind, a closure against any methods of release from its imprisonment by a concentration solely on the negative aspects of the situation.

The mind of Hiram Hood was in perpetual movement. It never stopped its circular motion. It would start out in the morning with the mournful idea, "Oh, it's only Wednesday." On Saturday, when it should be joyful, it would mutter, "It won't be long till Monday."

When the mail brought a bill for his daughter Gertrude's music lessons, Hiram's mind spun madly around its circle, like the flywheel of an engine, coming back to its starting-point with machine-like precision, "money, bills, money, bills." Gloom exuded from Hiram like a cloud as his mind raced feverishly.

One day it was easing along with just the faint impetus of Gertrude's hat to force it around. He knew girls had to have clothes and he was almost resigned to this outlay. But suddenly on the hall table he saw an ominous buff envelope. His mind began to whirl out of pure suspicion. He looked at the envelope closely: "Taxes. He might have known." He was in high speed now, with the governor off, and quivered all over with the mad revolving of his brain. Taxes, bills, money, expense, over and over again

the words recurred till he was nothing but an automaton registering despair.

The next day at noon he visited his broker's office to see how his gamble in cotton was going. He looked at the board. Down two points; he was ruined.

Suddenly he noticed a change in the motion of his mind. It was going in spirals now and with each revolution he experienced a new and deeper pain. The spirals were going down into his body, and the brain now said, "Ruined, death, ruined, death." Hiram was on his way to suicide.

When a man's attention is given entirely to the evils of the situation, he needs to do something about his negative thinking, and do it at once. By looking only at his hard luck, he emphasizes it out of all proportion and finds himself in the Hell which, to-day, is termed melancholia. He sinks deeper into this state of mind with every repetition of his despair. Look out for circular thinking. It is a sign that all is not well in your upper brain and that a negative aspect of the lower brain is in complete control.

A good antidote for this type of regressive thinking is to associate a positive idea with every negative one. This is one of the most valuable techniques in any analysis. If it will pull a deep neurotic out of his despair, it will do wonders for you, and you can work it on yourself. When brooding, change your mood by beginning to define your negative ideas. Classify them under repressed rage, negative fear, sex prohibitions, denied curiosity. Then marshal a positive

for each negative. Associate them together, and it won't be long before the positive springs up automatically with the negative idea. Your depression will not last long under these circumstances. This habit-formation is of the utmost use to anyone seeking to lessen his pain and enjoy life.

Dickens understood the tragic consequences of absorption in the idea that money produces joy. He makes his character, Micawber, say, "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result—happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds nought and six; result—misery."

Agassiz, the great zoologist, said: "I have enough. I have no time to work in making money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time." How far off this simple statement is from the spirit of competition! And yet Agassiz, increasing his mental knowledge continually, found that money came to him. He had started with little, and at the age of twenty-four was about to leave Paris and his studies because his money had run out. A professor asked him why he was leaving, and learned of his poverty. The day he was to depart, a servant of Humboldt left a note containing fifty pounds as a loan from the great scientist, who thought Agassiz a good psychic risk. When Agassiz died, he left £60,000, a fortune which was the by-product of his mental wealth.

We all want money. We need it. There is nothing wrong about wanting it, working for it, using it for our

own benefit. It is the greatest cause of our troubles in life only because we have not found out how to handle it. We ask it to make love for us, to paint our pictures, to write us our symphonies, expect it to raise our children, cure our diseases. There is hardly a desire in life we do not think money can acquire for us.

We are sure we get a better doctor at five guineas than at one, a better business man at £5000 than at £1000, a better minister at £2000 than at £400. Anything Henry Ford says we consider wise because each word is worth so many pounds of his time.

Thorstein Veblen, in his satiric description of the rich, lays bare the real structure of the money neurosis. He says that the more a man can afford to employ others who do absolutely nothing useful, the more impregnable is his social position.

Behind Veblen's book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, was the drive of a real intention to free you and me from our misconceptions about money. Veblen saw that great wealth in the hands of its possessors was used for foolish purposes. The sign of the greatest wealth was the ability of the owner to do more futile things with it than his nearer competitor. Rows of footmen, resplendent uniforms, yachts, great estates, raising orchids, leisure, which was loafing, fancy horses, fancy cattle; nowhere was there a sign of use in all this expenditure. The names of the rich appeared on the front pages for a day—and then oblivion. Every phase of their existence was kept farther from life by the power of their wealth.

The actions of our dealers in money as they appear on the Stock Exchange are, perhaps, the maddest of any group in modern life. This great game of chance resembles on a large scale smaller gatherings where five or six men sit around a table and try their luck with cards. The same fetishes are worshipped, the same bluffs are called, the same fearful excitement fills the air. Stocks go up and down on whispers of suspicion or hope in the most illogical way. If some men have bought wheat, they pray for fair weather and the destruction of the Canadian crop. They do not perform a rain-dance as the Indians did in savage America, but they would if they thought it would do any good, or if they knew how. Everyone trembles at the words of a European dictator, and when he says "Boo!" they buy and sell in a mad scramble. At the word "strike," they all gyrate madly and sell, roundly cursing the selfishness of the working man.

Frenzy and hurry are in all these transactions. You must hear the news as soon as the next man, or he will have you sold short. It would be better if you could stay up all night to miss no development. An aeroplane disaster at two a.m. might well ruin your holdings in Airways Ltd. Something for nothing is the dream of all gamblers. They wish to give as little as possible and hope Lady Luck will smile on them.

Everywhere in our business life is this predominant feeling of fear. The manufacturer fears his employees and the Government. The employees fear the manufacturer and the Government. The Government fears them both. Money is the symbol for which they strive,

and money is the great symbol of anxiety. They are all nervous about world conditions, the weather, accidents of nature. They love this fear. There is no predicting what the money-changers will do or fear next.

Your money in stocks and bonds, your money in savings banks, your job, your very life is in danger to-day. Strange history is being made. Never before in the course of the world has change gone on at its present pace. You save a few pounds and look for a place to put it so that later you may use it. There is no such place. There is no such thing as physical security to-day. Economists propound a new theory in the morning, and by night it is completely out of date.

Our parents in 1890 looked out upon a peaceful economic scene. They took their money to the bank each week and sat back contentedly and watched it grow. The future to them was secure: an increasing salary, dividends from their stocks, children who went to college and would be a blessing in their old age.

All this is gone. This was a dream which will never return, the moment of calm before the storm. We are in the storm. It is exciting but dangerous. Whatever we do, we do desperately. We learned from the Great War the small value of a man's life. We now know the small security in his money.

Objective values have been knocked into a cocked hat. If you buy railway shares, you own part of a beautiful piece of property, but a whisper of fear will make it nothing but crumbling stone and rusting steel

rails. Everywhere you look fear is turning our useful goods back to their original static condition. Strange indeed is the anomaly that in the Stock Exchange, that temple to the god "Objectivity," the word which wields the greatest power is subjective. Confidence. The Stock Exchange acts and lives in this word. All its great edifice of objective values tumbles into chaos when the emotion of fear takes hold of people.

We are beginning to see that it has been our blind ignorance of the values of life that has allowed money to dominate us so. As we see to-day the predicament into which it has led us, we are forced to look elsewhere for the happiness we all desire.

As we look, it becomes clear that money has been our master and not our slave, and that this is the cause of all our troubles with it. We invented the idea of money as a medium of exchange, with the assumption that it would work for us. As in the case of our machines, we created something that got completely out of our control. It turned on its creators and destroyed them because they hadn't invented methods to control it.

When we have put money in its place as our servant, we will have done more to free ourselves from our various devils of neurosis than anything else we could do—with the exception of looking at the family situation accurately. The present idea of money is one of the major causes of neurosis.

CHAPTER XVI

MAN AGAINST MAN

We consider murder our worst crime. So do savage peoples. Freud tells us of taboo customs in the most primitive societies connected with the killing of an enemy. They take this general form. First they demand reconciliation with the slain enemy. Then the slayer has to undergo severe restrictions on his conduct for a long period of time. Acts of expiation on the slayer's part and other rituals of purification are gone through. Finally certain ceremonial rites are observed before the slayer can return to his previous way of life.

Wild tribes on the coast of Borneo treat very tenderly the severed heads of their enemies after they bring them home. Members of one tribe returning from a war expedition put the heads in a place of honour and treat them with great kindness, addressing them in the most endearing terms. They place delicacies in the mouths, and, as a great propitiation, offer them cigars. The dead enemies are entreated to hate their former tribe and bestow their love on their new hosts. This is done with the greatest seriousness.

In New Guinea a manslayer must not approach his

wife or touch his food with his fingers. A second person must feed him. He must continue these expiatory customs until the next moon.

After a Pima Indian had killed another, he submitted to severe purification ceremonies. He fasted for sixteen days, could not touch meat or salt, look at fire or speak to anyone.

Freud uses these illustrations to prove the ambivalence of the savage's emotions. This is undoubtedly true, but it seems that he has missed the real cause of all this mumbo-jumbo. Deep in the unconscious of the savage is his innate knowledge that in murdering his fellow-man he is committing the deepest sin in nature. By this perversion he is going counter to the ultimate safety of the race.

No other animal species shows this perverse trait. Tigers do not prey upon each other, but upon other species. Man is the only animal that so prostitutes his natural drive. Unless this terrible perversion is checked, it will wipe out our civilization, as any casual glance at Europe or Asia to-day will prove.

If you take up the dictionary and look up the word competition, you learn that it means rivalry. Rivalry means strife for the same object. Rive means to tear asunder. Quite evidently this is all man knows at present about competition. To him it is a negative, atavistic emotion. In his ignorance he sees in it hatred and death, and supremacy at the expense of other men, and does not recognize that the competitive instinct is anything but a tearing-down process.

The dictionary's emphasis on rivalry in the definition

of this word shows that the term competition sprang from the contest for the possession of the woman. It is not hard to picture a hairy man, one foot on the body of his slain rival, holding a female by the hair. A common practice among the animals during the mating season, competition is supposed to have produced the survival of the fittest blood.

The dictionary's misleading definition of competition as we understand it to-day has made this the deadliest word in our language.

It is not strange that we have acquired this idea of the word. Everywhere we see the result of its use, and everywhere it is destructive. As we view the world, it is the greatest single reason for the decay of the race. We know that it is the cause of the destruction of earlier civilizations, who leave us a few mouldering examples of their former greatness.

But the evil results of competition do not stop at the conduct of man against man. Modern psychology sees it as also destructive of the individual.

All perversions of sex are the result of competition within the personality. The masochist associates sex with self-blame and can only obtain sexual pleasure by torturing his body. The sadist associates it with his fight to keep his physical supremacy as a child. Sex to him is the ego satisfaction of power over someone else. Any conflict within the individual is bound to have disastrous effects.

We see competition in sport, probably its most harmless expression. As the old football player looks over his protruding stomach at an early photograph of his

Adonis-like figure, he presents a droll, but not a vicious appearance. The old track star with his weak heart, gazing at his case full of medals, is a relatively harmless citizen. These men were competitors, but the competition was tempered by a spirit of fair play and sportsmanship. It was a comparatively harmless release of a vicious emotion.

The rivalries of the business world are much more serious. Here the rules allow mortal injury to the other fellow. Competition is carried to its logical conclusion and ends in strikes, bloodshed and death. The doddering sentimentalists, who sob about the loss of rugged individualism, really mean the cunning brain, the ruthless use of power and a total dishonesty to the name of man.

When nations engage in orgies of the competitive instinct, the dead are left in millions on a stinking battlefield. Mass murder, race suicide, savagery no animals ever exhibit are the results of the licence of this perversion of instinct.

Just as the real quality of a man comes out in a crisis and you know him as he is, so the actual condition of society is only realized in times of stress. The World War was such a crisis. It showed us in a brutally clear manner just the state of brotherhood which exists between men and nations. This was an actual photographic picture of the real barbarism of society, the state we live in to-day. The universal hate has retired from the surface, but it is animating all the actions of our politicians, and all the suave words the nations politely offer each other.

The competitive instinct is a deep emotion of man. Still, it was put there for some good purpose. There is a positive outlet for every emotion. We just haven't seen it. We need to, and the way is now open. The dictionary has not caught up with the new knowledge of psychology.

We are violating a basic law of our survival when we indulge in the race suicide of war, and nature will not let us long endure if we continue on this mad road. Already we have accomplished miracles in taming nature, but always we have turned away from this work, to kill. One of our most priceless emotional drives has been used against the wrong object—against our fellow-man instead of against nature. From this false use of a protective instinct come our cruelty and neurotic behaviour.

No one can imagine the power that would be released on earth if the brains which are now used to prey upon those of their fellow-men were forced to bend their energies towards taming nature. Think of the good cortical material that is wasted in the Stock market every day. If their poker game were taken away from them, they would have left only work or crime. But their clever brains could easily turn to invention, manufacturing, social planning if they had to.

The change of competitive focus from man to nature is so tremendous a step that we can hardly visualize its possibilities. We now fight for areas of land, the more the better. When we get them, we try to suck everything out as quickly as possible.

Brains, inventions, methods, techniques are needed. New methods of distribution are required. But competition, national and individual, keeps new ideas from coming into being.

Think of the ingenuity used for destructive purposes to-day—guns which should be turned against the rocks of nature; bombs which should explode the atom; poison gases to free us from insect pests; armoured tanks which could plough the land. We have water-power which will produce electric energy for millions. We build battleships instead of freighters to carry grain.

Back of all these destructive notions, we have the human brain, which should be turned from animosity to co-operation. We have never imagined the terrific energy we could tap by co-operation, by saying to the next man: "I need you, and you need me. Let us work against nature together for the welfare of both of us." (And here we will let the competitive instinct have full sway.) "I'll try to do more than you will."

We still are suspicious of giving power to one man. We put all sorts of checks and balances in his way so that he cannot go too far. The King of England is chiefly a symbol of power. The Prime Minister only lasts as long as he can satisfy the people. The United States President is given four years of power, and offered the Senate and the Supreme Court and told: "See how far you can get."

Men have always suspected power. Sir James Frazer, who has dug up much information about primitive folk-ways, tells us how the savage Timmes

of Sierra Leone elect their new king. No one wants the job in Sierra Leone, for they know full well its physical handicaps. The leaders finally pick out some man against whom they have a grudge and he is elected.

There is a ceremony on the evening before the coronation, at which time the people have a right to beat up their prospective king for the last time. They do this job with such ardour and thoroughness that the unlucky ruler may have to be carried to his coronation. Very often he does not survive the ceremony, and if he does, must still have a healthy respect for his people. Humorously, the hostility of the common man for the ruler is never acknowledged and the beating is administered as a solemn ritual.

The last thing we want to give up is our individuality. But we are also members of a herd. Our individual instincts in the mass produce general racial instincts which somewhat resemble them. These are what the sociologists are studying. Trotter studies the herd instincts as they appear in daily life. He finds that individuals such as you and I may do some very strange things when our passions are on the loose. But never in our wildest aberrations could we go as far away from nature as a nation does, meanwhile crying aloud that God is with it supporting its insane activities. No one lunatic in Europe to-day is as mentally deranged as all the nations are, maniacally bent on racial suicide. A nation, because it is big and powerful and supreme, becomes an impersonal force and shows a strange pride in the utter depravity which it would punish in an individual with death and dishonour.

Warfare, mass murder, or race suicide, whatever you wish to call it, is the herd expression of atavistic qualities present in every person. When the child reaches the point in an argument where he sees his logic unavailing but feels his anger rising, he uses his fists. His wish to be supreme drives him on. He never knows exactly what purpose he is serving, and he doesn't care, because ancient racial rivalries are awakening in his blood, and destruction of the opponent, his obliteration, is all that matters. These savage tendencies are his heritage from Neanderthal man, from the caves of the man-animal.

The instinct that drives nations to war is in no way more advanced than the primitive action of a boy. It is fear that causes hot anger to rise, a relic of the dread of the cave-man that some other stronger savage or beast will kill him. Societies are mass aggregations of this feeling, concealing it by pious phrases.

" Preservation of the fatherland," " Liberty," " Make the world safe for democracy " are simply slogans which mean: " Take it from the other fellow before he can take it from you."

Until men can see beyond their devastating fears to a spirit of có-operation, murder will still be sanctified by the churches, the mothers, the statesmen. Until we are able to feel nationally the insanity of this behaviour, the countries will continue to act in their present delirious manner. The man is the State, and if his condition is barbaric, the State will be more so. An attitude of peace rests on a deep, instinctive belief,

and when we have peace in the individual, we shall have peace among the nations.

Man against man is the aberration that Satan himself, chief of all the devils, has planted in our minds. To rid ourselves of this central domination is the duty of every one of us. If nations would make their own lands green, use their immense ingenuity on new methods of social and economic life, this worst of all psychic cancers would be cured. Psychology is showing us the way to the location of this disease, and offering us help in its cure. Only thus will the fever be abated, or our racial suicide prevented.

There is hope in this time of economic and social turmoil. Men are beginning to question generally the value of the idea of competition. The enormity of this presumption is an indication that this false crutch of conservatism is giving way, and allowing the patient to feel his pain. Quite evidently the new economics will not worship any longer the price system and the competitive instinct. Co-operation, not competition, is the modern idea. The world is beginning to see that you can't sell goods unless someone has money enough to buy them. Most of the emphasis now is being placed on consumption rather than production. Our debt system, the profit system, keep the wage-earner from ever buying what he produces.

Most of us use up everything we can earn eating, sleeping and clothing ourselves and our families. Every time a motor company puts up a new plant, they expect us to pay the interest on the investment. This we would gladly do, if some economic wizard would

show us how we could manage it. We are willing to pay, and would like to buy much more than we do. It is beyond our power, that's all, instalment salesmen to the contrary notwithstanding.

All we ask of our masters is enough to keep us alive, and perhaps get a better wireless. We hope the brakes will hold on the old car until after we have paid for the new baby and cleared up the milk bill. Of course, we can't afford to be ill ourselves. That would be crazy. We really can't afford to live. As for enjoying ourselves, we gave that up in 1929.

But this difficult economic time is making us think. We are learning that nature approves of co-operation. What we have ahead of us is the heaviest sort of work, and we won't get far with it ruggedly and individually. We will only accomplish it when we cut out knifing the other fellow and begin to push with him in a new kind of social order.

The principles of nature have not changed in a matter of 150 years: in fact (and here is a pickle for the knowing ones), they never change. The man who neglects this elementary fact can achieve little. Charles Beard is a social historian who recognizes this fact. He knows that machines, clothes, customs and conventions make no difference to the inevitable tides of nature. He understands that the monuments of lost civilizations decaying in the sun are the symbols of a loving co-operation that made its bid for life and failed. It failed because of the bitter internecine strife of man against man, which always has and always will produce destruction and death.

The secondary place which has heretofore been given to mental attainment is the reason for the decay of a civilization. The men who have such mental wealth, which they only desire to share with others, are universally prosecuted. Money will not have mental wealth; it knows that such a state makes it the slave and no longer the master. But there is no other way out of our dilemma than the complete subjection of the money idea to that of co-operation. The rich would be happier, although they do not know it, if their continued insecurity were removed from them. It's like doing something against the will of a child that is necessary for his health. He fights and kicks, but eventually he puts on the overcoat and is soon playing contentedly, having forgotten the cause of his anger.

The old theoretical philosophy is feeling the force of the new dynamic science of psychology. It is already a psycho-philosophy, and may very well turn into philosophical psychology. One of the leaders in this new field of thought is John Dewey. He is interpreting the shams of what we term our social life in the new light shed upon them by psychological discoveries. He, together with Beard and Chase, sees all the implications of our cruel social order.

Philosophical psychology looks for the reasons behind all our common concepts. It bows to the subjective life that animates our objective existence. It searches for the principle of which matter and objects are the manifestation. When that principle is disclosed, it usually turns out to be vastly different

from what we supposed. What we consider life is often a death-principle. What we persecute as evil is usually life.

We would do well to study philosophers such as Dewey to see where we are going. Objectively we can see only a few miles or a few years. The more accurate vision of philosophy sees in centuries and in trends and human tendencies. The new order that is coming upon us is full of promise for all men, and the greatest impetus in these better social ideas comes directly from the new psychology. It points out that each one of us must endeavour to rid himself of the infantile parts of his nature that are the only reasons for his present competitive viewpoint. The best place to spread this knowledge is in our school systems and colleges. No general dissemination of the new ideas can be made except by this method. A knowledge of modern, practical psychology in our educational institutions would be of enormous benefit to the country. It would teach us that over-production and increasing unemployment, dictators and death are the price we pay for the negative expression of an emotion!

CHAPTER XVII

CONQUEST OF FEAR

When Sir Walter Raleigh stepped upon the scaffold he was very faint. He began his speech as follows: "If therefore you perceive any weakness in me, I beseech you ascribe it to my sickness rather than to myself."

We all struggle with our fears continually, they infect everything we do. One man fears his wife. Another cannot get his hands on any money. A woman passing her youth fears old age. Her sister fears the dark. You fear the drive of your sexual urges. I fear the opinions of my acquaintances. We meet fear everywhere and always.

We want more than anything else to know how to force ourselves from under the dead weight of this emotion. Most of us think the answer will come to us suddenly out of the blue; a few think there is no answer.

If you have never driven a car but are put in the driver's seat and told to start the car and drive it, you are full of fear and refuse to do it. You cannot. You would not be brave but foolhardy if you tried. You have not acquired the necessary technique.

The taking of a machine-gun nest in the Great War was an enterprise of great valour. It required brave men to do it. But of what did this bravery consist? In the sequence of events which eventually led to the capture of the machine-gun nest, each smaller obstacle was overcome by a small mechanical skill of some sort. The greater determination and the whole daring of the act were divided into a great number of little acts, which in themselves did not seem so important, and yet which combined into a really unusual feat.

First it was necessary for the soldier to be nicely trained in vision and hearing to enable him to locate the focal point from which the discharge of machine-gun bullets was coming. Then an equally nice judgment of the terrain to be penetrated was necessary, an ability to see the relations between the hollows, stones, trees that could be used as a protection in advance. Then, by accurate observation, it was necessary to form a true judgment of the firing-habits of the machine-gunners. These perceptions and judgments had to be accurate, because the life of the attacking soldiers depended on the truth of the observations. And then patience was necessary in overcoming each obstacle as it was met, and an ability to keep the mind on that obstacle alone until it was passed. The larger job would only be possible by this confining of the attention to the particular small job, and its successful solution. Then came the patient and skilful crawling along the ground, using every inequality of the land for concealment, the correctly timed waits

and advances, between bursts of machine-gun fire, the final skilful throwing of hand-grenades or rifle-fire, and the correctly timed last dash for the machine gun.

Courage of this sort is built upon a confidence springing from the successful overcoming of each smaller event, and this accretion of small confidences produces in the end a great confidence, and a great exhibition of bravery.

In the last analysis, all physical courage arises from this competence in each action which is necessary to the completion of the large adventure. A courageous man can almost never be put in any position where his skill cannot find a way out, and this deep-seated knowledge of his skill is courage. Put a man without the requisite skill in a position that demands the use of that skill, and he will fear not the circumstance so much as his own inability to do anything to help the situation. What this man really fears is himself and his unpreparedness. Until a man accepts himself as a good and useful instrument, he will be full of fears and of no use to himself or anyone else.

The conquest of fear is through technique. The terrors of the unknown always fade before a little knowledge, and all ignorances are full of terror. The savage worships his fear. The civilized man endeavours to banish his ignorance and increase his knowledge so that he may combat it.

If you are in a state of continual fear, try to concentrate on some part of your life which you can become angry about. David Seabury maintains that you can

entertain only one emotion at a time. Anger is more dominant than fear, and when you become enraged the fear will disappear. When you are afraid there is no chance for love. Therefore, to conquer fear, work yourself into a rage over some injustice under which you are suffering.

When your anger becomes more intense it resolves itself into courageous impulse. Brave action will follow. This technique can be used with any emotion. Seek always to counteract the evil fear by concentrating upon its positive opposite. This is one of the many practical methods before which fears disappear.

The ancients believed that the human being was as he seemed, and was good or bad as he behaved. They had no concept of the compassion of modern psychology. In love and marriage there was no idea of compatibility; it was all a matter of possession and worth. They believed that man was made for marriage, and had no conception of the fact that marriage was made for man. Sanctity was given to the institution and doubt to the reality of love. They thought man was made for a social order which apparently they considered of Divine origin. Everywhere were the ideas of duty, coercion, punishment, control, and you were held responsible for your character, and for your sins.

Calvin's theory of infant damnation, one of the most pernicious doctrines any age has known, sprang from this point of view. Born into guilt, a child could not escape neurosis, and his life became a veritable cruci-

fixion. Men of this age feared sex, therefore they hated it. It tortured them, and they never knew love. It became a homosexual, sadistic love of the father.

All the methods of psycho-analysis are directed at a more accurate knowledge of the unconscious, the unknown sources of the energy of any man. When we know a thing, we cease to fear it. When Freud sought to make clear the latent content in thought, he was merely inventing techniques to help a man to know himself and consequently lose his fear of his mysterious impulses.

Freud discovered the technique of transference, in which the previous dependence of the individual on a mother or a father, for instance, is transferred to the psycho-analyst. This breaks the hold of the neurosis and is the first step towards conquering the fear.

He made use of other techniques. By free association he helped overcome the opposition of what he termed the "censor," which keeps painful thoughts from coming to consciousness. The patient is told to relax and say anything that comes into his mind, no matter how disconnected. The analyst listens uncritically for the significant words which give a key to the real meaning.

Here is a type of test based on such a process. Study the answers a woman made in this test showing her reactions to a selected list of words. When no answer appears, it means that an immediate reply was impossible.

ROSE WORD TEST

Group 1	*Group 2*	*Group 3*
Head ...... will	dead .... me	bake .... hate
pride .... (—)	child .... (—)	make .... (—)
fight ...... teeth	beat .... (—)	woman ..... (—)
silly .... frank	jump .... (—)	carry .... (—)
pity ...... angry	pond ...... dead	try .... work
pleased ... dislike		friendly ... work
insult .... (—)		sick .... poor
woman .... edges		book .... pen
choice ..... none		door .... (—)
love .... hate		old ...... young
afraid .... no		family ...... (—)
fingers ...... fist		brother ..... (—)

The above association test was made by a psychologist. The results indicate that the woman subject hated women and herself as a woman, was strongly competitive, in a state of inner subjection, and had ruled all love-ideas completely out of the picture. There is suggested a hatred of domestic life; living with people is work; she sees no future for herself, and the reason for all this negativity is found in her early family perversions. The pathetic and logical outcome of this woman's abortive life is her transparent wish for death.

Try this method out on yourself, or let your wife pick out the words to use. Try it out on your friends some evening. You will find it fascinating and immensely helpful in your desire to direct your life into more healthy channels. Here is a general list of words that may be used. The first word that comes to the person's mind is to be put down. If no association word comes in one minute, mark a blank after the word. This is as enlightening as if a word had been produced, since it indicates subconscious disturbance.

life	strike	money ....
baby............	foam	love ....
house	tree	eat ....
legs	death	lake ....
stone	kiss	seed ....
mother	superior	virtue...........
fire	restrain	sand ....

Every time an emotion finds its negative outlet, we take a short step towards death. When negative fear attacks you, fatigue is the result. You do not develop energy so much by the food and drink you consume as by your ability to digest it. Your potential energy is always beyond your belief. It is only when you are able to rid yourself of your fear that you begin to feel this energy.

Captain Hadfield, a British psychologist whose experience included many war cases, has written a very interesting book on the psychology of power. In this he says that we are wrong when we suppose that we have so much energy to spend and no more. He shows that energy is shut off by fear suggestions and that belief will turn it on again at once. We do not utilize the energy in the food we eat because of our neurotic troubles which affect digestion and elimination. Our strength fails, not because it is used up, but because our energy-channels are clogged. Hadfield makes this important distinction that fatigue is not exhaustion but stagnation, and that we really have vast reservoirs of untapped energy only waiting for our fears to be dissipated, when they will flow into our efforts and astound us with our power.

He finds that there are four types of fatigue: purely physical, over-suggestibility of the mind to the idea of

physical exhaustion, a false interpretation in the mind of mental as physical fatigue, and purely mental weakness caused by a conflict in the mind between thought and emotion or between different emotions. Our suggestibility to fear impulses is so great that none of us ever uses our full capacities of power.

Primitive peoples are even more suggestible than we are. Freud tells of a young, healthy slave in New Zealand who came upon the remains of a meal left by a chieftain of great rank and strong taboo. The slave ate the remains, and was told by a horrified spectator what he had done. The fear of the taboo was so strong that this healthy man was dead of fright in a couple of days.

Fear does the same thing for us, not so dramatically, but nevertheless certainly. When we believe we can do a thing, the energy comes with the belief. If we do not believe, we are filled with a great fatigue and lack of energy. The greatest cause of fatigue and loss of energy is the negative fear continually suggested to us by society.

We are always hearing these words, "It's impossible to obtain money; marriage is a lottery; children are a nuisance; if I only had his money; you can't beat the game; life is tough, it's always raining"; and so on. It is these negative fear-suggestions that sap your energy. Every time you agree to one, you become more tired of life. Believe that energy will come if you want it, and you are ready to take the steps necessary to rid yourself of fear. Self-suggestion of positive ways of living will do the trick.

Scan your actions for their emotional significance. Be honest with yourself as to whether the emotion is positive or negative. If negative, resolve not to let it occur again. Great accomplishment is the result of the release of your positives. The way to do this is by mental imagery. A man acts in exact accordance with the mental images of conduct he carries in his mind. If he has a picture there of himself helpless against the forces of life, his action will be hopeless and without energy. When he sees a picture of the exact way in which he will construct a table, we'll say, he can immediately build the table. If he can't, he wastes hours in the attempt and then is unsuccessful. If he has a mental image of how a piece of machinery operates and sees all the parts in their respective places, he can repair the machine when it is out of order. Without this picture in mind he cannot do it.

A man changes as the images in his mind change. He can be the agent of these changes if he will. Charles G. Leland in his important book, *The Mystic Will,* has explained this central technique which is necessary to anyone seeking to make the most of his life.

Leland says that if you wish to accomplish some difficult task, think about what you want to do and how you want to do it before going to sleep at night. In the morning, although you may not think of it till the time to use your idea occurs, when that time arrives you will find yourself ready to deal with the situation. This is a profound truth which has been applied by psychologists in analytic work. They have found it of inestimable value.

If, for instance, you desire to change your behaviour from one of high excitability to a more calm approach to life, think carefully over the characteristics you wish to lose and visualize the ones you desire to attain. In the period before sleep comes you are in closer contact with your unconscious mind. The unconscious mind feels your ideas, or sees your images, and in some mysterious way the change gradually takes place. Great earnestness is necessary for this, but when you deeply wish the new image of conduct to occur, it will take place in time.

Many mental bank accounts are full of counterfeit money. Large amounts of mother love, father love, spurious love for your fellow-men, arrogance masquerading as confidence, duty taking the place of desire, sacrifice usurping the title of unselfishness—all look like mental wealth, but they will never buy you any happiness. They are all counterfeit emotions, and when you draw your cheque against them, the bank clerk says, " I regret that there don't appear to be any deposits."

Always remember that there isn't any possible way to deceive the officials of your bank of mental wealth. You, yourself, are in charge, and can hardly expect to deceive yourself for long. If you do succeed in deluding yourself for a time, when you try to get someone else to accept the counterfeit money, then the cat is out of the bag. You never had any money there.

Figure out the kind of life you want to lead, and then use this method of mental imagery to acquire the

psychic wealth you need for such a life. In no other way will you have it, for the idea always comes first. You may wish all your life for mental wealth, but if you do not put the technical money of your effort in the bank, there will be no balance. Learning techniques for living is the surest way to mental wealth.

You may have been among those who laughed good-naturedly at dear old Dr. Coué when he visited this country years ago. Auto-suggestion, you told yourself, was nothing in your life. But if since those earlier days of modern psychology you've been thinking death thoughts, and "every day in every way" becoming worse, your scepticism is by no means a laughing matter. The road of suffering you have followed has led, or is leading you to enough pain to make you think somehow about the kind of thoughts you allow to take possession of your brain.

If you're cynical, morbid and materialistic, reducing your days to senseless routines, you're in a position to recognize the importance of auto-suggestion in your life. You are making either life- or death-wishes by this method of auto-suggestion. For you use this technique every day, even if you laugh at it. You cannot escape it.

Auto-suggestion is one of the most powerful means by which a man can change his life from negative to positive. Affirm your beliefs to your inner audience, which is always listening to you. It believes in you, and will act for you if you only give it a chance. When you tell it to act negatively it does so, but it is

more eager to act positively. Affirm your faith in life to the unconscious and the result will astonish you.

John Lane was wrestling with his ignorance. The battle was going on in the cellar of his house. He was combating the wild force of nature, modified and directed by the work of the Central Heater Company. The problem he was tackling was an acute one, and he knew that he should lose no time about solving it. The glass tube on his furnace did not indicate how much water was in the boiler, and when he turned the water on it did not flow into the tube.

The fire was burning brightly and he was torn with anxiety as to whether the furnace would crack or blow up. The steam-gauge registered twenty pounds. There was no time to call a plumber. He looked at the two wheels, one at the top, one at the bottom of the water-gauge. What should he do? He hadn't any notion.

Fear seized him and he almost left his battle ignominiously for the safety of the upstairs regions. But he must do something. He began to unscrew the lower wheel. When it came off a blast of steam made him jump. He decided that it was good to let off the steam. Watching it for awhile, he turned on the water. He listened fearfully to the noise it made. Finally water instead of steam began to pour out of the hole.

Now he knew where the water-level was. Stopping its flow, he put back the wheel and checked the fire, and in great relief and elation left the cellar. He had

been forced to acquire a technique of which he knew nothing. A little of his fear had left him for ever, and a little of his ignorance.

When he arrived upstairs he found another battle awaiting him. Another aspect of many-sided nature was calling him to a different sort of test. His wife was coming down with one of her periodic sick headaches. The tone of her voice was irritated as she told him she wished to be left alone with her misery. But he felt that she wanted him to witness her agonies just the same. From long experience he knew that if he left her in solitary confinement, as she asked, she would call him sooner or later. He had spent many uncomfortable hours by her bedside silently suffering pain with her.

She went to her bedroom. This time John began to think, contrary to his usual custom in this emergency. He began to wonder why she had these headaches. They came regularly. Had he done or said anything? He went over the events of the day, and the day before. Nothing unusual had occurred, as far as he could remember. But something forced him to keep up his retrospective survey. He thought of a book on psychology which he had been reading lately. That was it, hysteria.

He straightened up. Well, what brought the attack on? Suddenly he knew. Yesterday he had gone against her wishes, adequately expressed, and had played tennis with Tom Wiggin. That was it. She had wanted him to take her to the cinema. He had forgotten about the incident, although he had been

uncomfortable for an hour after he left her. This was an unconscious revenge, the child in her speaking.

Treat her as a child with a tantrum, that was the idea. He smiled. No, he thought he would talk the whole affair over with her. He stood up and walked to his wife's bedroom. He had acquired a new technique, a little more of his ignorance was gone from him for ever and a little of his fear.

Most of our waking hours are devoted to using old techniques or acquiring new ones. Watch a baby learning to stand and walk, and see the long, painstaking effort he makes before he acquires his technique. See the confidence with which it fills him. Your golf swing, the way you talk, your game of bridge, the way you drive a car, the fashion in which you subdue your irritation and suavely greet Mrs. Root when she drops in, are all techniques. They are the methods you use to drive away your fear of each process. Your success in your job, in social life, the oil that makes your day run smoothly is simply this efficient use of methods.

One of the best methods of curing yourself of a bad habit is by tiring it out. Don't give it a chance to rest, make it ashamed of repeating itself. A man made the same mistake in typewriting till he decided to do something about it. He invariably wrote THE as HET. One day he sat down at his typewriter and wrote the word incorrectly all day until he was too tired to continue. He never made the mistake again. If

you think you go to the pictures too often and are beginning to take your living second-hand, go more often, go every night, and you will be cured.

Sweet salesmen do not eat many sweets, barmen are not usually drunkards. Bore yourself with your habit until you can stand it no longer. Freud uses such a method for serious unconscious fixations of this sort. To a woman with a father complex he would recommend that she spend a whole week thinking of nothing but her relation to her father, every phase of it. Then for an hour a day she was to write down all the details of what she remembered. He wished to tire out the fixation, and by fatigue, turn the attention of the patient towards life. The longer she thought about the relation, the more plain would her abnormalities of feeling become to her.

Any abnormality is a fixation of the mind away from the course of life. If you are melancholy, the best way to help yourself out of the condition is to spend an hour a day being melancholy. Become so full of despair that you can't stand it. Fatigue yourself with sorrow and grief. Soon you'll be ready for a laugh and living.

Your psychic sense is worth much physical money to you. Perhaps it costs you 10/6 to go to a symphony concert. If your hearing has not been trained, you will listen and come away with 1/6 worth of enjoyment. The music you heard free as you had dinner gave you just as much pleasure.

But when your ear is trained to hear more, to differentiate, then the symphony orchestra begins to

offer you interest on your investment. You are listening, we'll say, to a Brahms symphony. This is not what you think it is—a string of notes parading through time. This is a carefully conceived musical idea, which starts from a few notes, the theme. You see how these few notes are used again and again in different ways, how a fraction of the theme is taken out and developed, how the rhythms of the theme are speeded up, and lessened, how the magnificent climax, which appears entirely new to you, is built nevertheless upon the base of this original theme. When your attention is trained, you are able to feel it gather momentum and sweep on with increasing emotional speed to its logical conclusion.

You are witness to a bit of creation, the growth of the man from the child. How it is done only another Brahms could tell you, but your enjoyment in hearing is enormously increased by good habits of attention. As you hear more and more of the many ways the original thought is expressed, you begin to experience the emotion of the creator of the symphony and take your part in a creative experience. Before you trained your faculties you were just an onlooker at life. Now you are a participator in that life. You have placed a permanent deposit in your savings bank of mental resources.

You go to the cinema. If your emotions are untrained they seem very similar. You laugh at the right moment, and weep when Hollywood expects you to. The girl is beautiful, the man is handsome, the dancing is sensual, the music is tricky and modern.

You make few distinctions. One picture will do as well as another as far as you are concerned.

But when you have trained your emotions to the point where they can differentiate between pathos and bathos, love and sentimentality, humour and wit, you will not enjoy so many of the pictures. A few of them will move you profoundly.

You will notice a life about some of them, and also feel the decadence flowing through all the others. Wherever a negative emotion is used in a positive way you will feel insulted. Where the ideals of money are presented a perverted feeling will always be there. When money is the servant of real love ideas, then the trained listener feels reality. If the conventions are praised, as they usually are, you will feel that this is a banality. The usual sentimentalities about mother-love, the virtuous young girl in the limousine, the poor but honest young man who gets into his best suit at the end of the picture, the wise-cracks totally unconnected with anything but the food on the plate—these have no connection with life. They all produce mock emotion.

Behind a picture like "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," however, lies a truth about life. Positive emotions are positive, negative ones negative. It is the ability to distinguish the right emotion in the right place that shows you whether you have acquired mental power. No intellectual approach will do this for you. It goes deeper than the mind, back to senses trained to recognize realities.

We all have some goal before us, usually foggy and

indistinct. My little four-year-old daughter wishes the whole world to stop and look at her. This is a magnificent ambition, but she will have to substitute a more practical one for it, or spend the rest of her life in bitter tears. Impossible goal-images produce much of the futility of life. If a man places the image of Lord Nuffield's fortune before him as a goal, his dissatisfaction with life will be continual and will drain him of all capacity for joy. Choose a goal somewhat above your present capacity, but not impossible of attainment. You will find another waiting for you when you conquer this one.

Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher, realized the tremendous energy in thought. He taught that as our judgments are repeatedly carried out into action, they become stabilized and entrenched. This is a way of saying what modern psychology means by canalization. We make all progress by speculating on some aspect of human conduct until we understand and decide to obey it. We then use our wills, and by repetitive use of the will, our decision becomes a dynamic course of action. This is one of the best ways to mental efficiency.

Speculate upon some phase of your conduct which is causing you suffering. Think about it until you have detected the error that produces the pain. Then will, over and over again, to change your conduct so that the error can no longer function. The fault will probably disappear, and with it the suffering.

There is nothing more beneficial for you than to take time to write out your emotional biography. This is not for publication, so you can be utterly

frank. Go back over your life and dwell upon its high spots, the moments when you felt great pain, the times you experienced pleasure, the few times when you felt the transcendant buoyancy of joy. Picture the events which produced these passionate moments. See if you can draw any conclusions from the contrasting effects of the differing experiences.

Your first love affair. Can't you feel its poignancy now? Do you remember your joy as she chose you in the children's cotillion? Do you recollect your rage and bitter fear as mother said that you were no good at arithmetic? You laugh and say that this was all long ago, but that isn't true. These events are affecting you now if you haven't freed yourself from them by looking them over impartially.

We are freed by pain and by joy. Pain releases us by forcing us to change our ways, joy by showing us our heritage. Stack the reasons for the pain against the reasons for the joy, and you may see the course you must take to adjust your life.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOVE MEETS SATAN

They were standing at the steamship's rail, looking out on the white-capped waves.

The young girl and the elderly man were silent.

Finally she said, "Uncle Jim, I want to tell you something."

James White looked at her quizzically. "If it hurts you to keep it in, tell me, but not otherwise. I imagine it's a great secret." He smiled.

The girl nodded. "Yes, it is. You're the only person in the world I'd tell it to."

"Thanks," the old man said. "Now of course it has to do with love."

"Yes," Judy was looking at the moon. "Do you remember Buzz Swift? He's the man."

"Well, what's he done? I remember him. Nice tow-headed youngster."

Judy turned to her uncle. "I'm in love with him, and he isn't with me, that's all. It hurts like the devil."

"Nonsense," her uncle spoke sharply. "It isn't possible. What makes you think you love him?"

"Oh, I just know, it fairly burns me up." Tears stood in Judith's eyes.

" My dear "—the wise old man looked at her compassionately—" I've heard a great deal of talk about broken hearts, but I've never seen one yet that was broken by love. I've seen plenty smashed by hate."

" Hate? " Judith glared angrily at him.

" Yes, by possessiveness, the first passionate kiss, by hatred of men for women, never yet by love. I thought my heart was broken when I was twenty-five, but I found it right in its place when I met your aunt." He gazed at the far horizon.

" Well, then why do I——"

" Love? " Her uncle broke in. " You are not in love when you feel so hopeless about it. Love always gives you a sign. Now let's take this young man. He excited you, no doubt. You haven't had much experience, my dear, have you? "

" Well, oh, I don't know." Judy hesitated, thinking. " Perhaps you're right."

" There are so many things in the way of our seeing and feeling that it's a wonder we ever find love at all." The old man drew a deep breath of salt air. " If this young chap is your man, you may be sad about it, but never hopeless. He may have lots of suffering to go through before he is ready to love, or maybe you are not ready. Sadness and suffering are part of it, but never hopelessness. When you feel hopeless you should be very glad, for nature is showing you the impossibility of the relationship. Do you feel that way? " He paused.

She nodded. " I'm afraid I do, Uncle Jim."

" Well, then, that's something." James White spoke

cheerfully. "He's not your man, never was, never could be. He's just part of your education. Thank God for him and what he has taught you. The next man that comes along will never catch you in just the same way. He's freed you to love, not bound you to despair. He's put the pieces of your heart together, not broken them. Come, let's take a turn around the deck."

Everyone wants love, hopes for it, reads about it, claims it as a right. But why? What preparation have they made so that they may be worthy of it? Why is the perfect mating such a rare phenomenon and some form of animosity present in almost all marriage relationships?

Love is a deeply subjective emotion. It cannot be seen, or touched, or heard. We can only find it by subjective means. All our pain and frustration comes from trying to woo it objectively. Unless we have developed the emotional or subjective side of our natures to maturity, we are not able to understand love when we meet it. The child plays house with his toys, and the emotionally undeveloped man does the same thing with larger and more expensive playthings. But playing with these objects will never produce love. It needs eyes and ears and touch developed to a fine point, and it absolutely requires a cleansing of all childish elements from the emotional nature.

Before a man can really find his mate he must be able to see her, and this is not so easy as it may sound. He must be able to see inside the outer shell of her beauty

to the harmony of mind and instincts he is looking for. To be able to sense that harmony, he should be entirely free of all family influence. No matter what a man's age, if some part of his emotional nature is still dependent upon a parent, he is really still a child.

Professor Gilpin is addressing his class in psychology on the subject of love.

" And so to-day," Professor Gilpin raised himself to his full height of five feet four inches and bleakly smiled, " modern psychology recognizes only one goal for the completion of effort, and that is what we term reality."

Professor Gilpin occupied, or perhaps we should say was standing before the chair of psychology in an Eastern university. He moved to the blackboard and continued, " To illustrate, here is the stimulus," he drew something that resembled a small goose egg, " here is the subject," this time he manufactured a neat little skeleton, " and here are the two possible responses of the subject to the stimulus, the reality response, the neurotic response," he drew a little sunrise above the upper line for reality response.

His class sat, untouched by his exposition.

" Any question? " Professor Gilpin stood confidently before them, and no one said a word.

" Now let me take an actual case," the Professor smiled again and this time the smile held an innuendo, " let us take love, the procreative emotion " (a smile went around the class), " the situation of love between two individuals."

He paused to heighten the drama.

"Here is A the stimulus; we visualize her as a young girl. Here is B the subject, a young man; and here are the two patterns of his response to the stimulus. What is the response of reality?"

He waited. No one spoke.

Finally a girl said, "A baby."

The class giggled.

"A kiss," another girl offered.

This was greeted with a burst of laughter. Professor Gilpin still waited. No one ventured farther along this dangerous road.

Finally the Professor pronounced the answer, a reminiscent gleam in his eye: "The response of reality in this case is the act of mating." He paused dramatically, "Any other response is neurotic, the response of unreality."

A boy asked a question: "How about prostitution, is that the response of reality?"

A hushed silence fell upon the expectant room.

Professor Gilpin looked calmly at his questioner. "Science does not admit of moral codes, it is not interested in restrictions made by man; science merely looks at the facts, in this case stimulus and response."

The boy persisted: "When a man is stimulated by a prostitute, the response is then mating?"

Professor Gilpin answered, "Precisely."

The class gasped.

A girl arose: "Professor Gilpin, what do you think about art expression, poetry, fiction, music, painting? I have understood that they are sublimations of the love emotion? Are these neurotic responses?"

Professor Gilpin stood up to his full height again and nodded: "Yes; we psychologists believe that art is a form of neurosis, an escape from reality. I can show you by analysis of different works of art the neurotic pattern of the author's life. Stories are dreams appealing to the phantasy life of the mass of neurotic readers. Poe, for instance, could never have written his poetry if there had not been something wrong with his sex life. He would not have felt it necessary. Chopin's music was a compensation for his unnatural feminine qualities. In a world where the stimulus received the correct response from the subject, there would be no art." He paused sententiously.

The class took it meekly, but one boy managed to say, "Then there would be no fiction in a scientific society, no paintings, no music, no poetry?"

Professor Gilpin nodded: "Precisely."

Modern psychology talks a lot about reality and is right in emphasizing its importance, for phantasy-living is one of our greatest human errors. But there are many followers of the Freudian school who have not understood the broad meaning that Freud gives to the word sex. In their very objective interpretation of Freud's ideas, they have wandered far from the truth. They have fastened upon one phrase, "reality response," without knowing what it means. To their extraverted minds it can mean nothing but objectivity. They see but half of the picture.

Johann Sebastian Bach had three wives and twenty-two children. Perhaps they did not give him the

reality response he desired, but they made a good attempt at it. In addition to his reality life, Bach left for posterity a vast library of unrealities, music of profound beauty. Should one of these pseudo-psychologists listen to his B Minor mass and then say that he has not heard reality, nothing can be done for his sanity.

Arthur Marks was pouring out his troubles to a psychologist, at least what he thought were his troubles. They centred around his wife, who, according to Arthur, was frigid, nagging, selfish, and so on. His manner, which had been gloomy and repressed in the extreme when he entered the office, was becoming almost enthusiastic as he bent to the work of making clear all his wife's delinquencies.

When he had exhausted his vocabulary, the psychologist changed the subject. " Now just relax, Mr. Marks," he said; " we'll both sit here in silence for five minutes. Then I want you to try not to make sentences, but just tell me the words that come into your mind, any words, any thoughts, just as they occur to you."

Arthur sank back into his chair, uncomprehending and somewhat dazed at this reception of his complaints. They sat together in silence for the five minutes.

" Now," said the psychologist, " anything that comes to your mind."

The first words came slowly: " Inquisition, my face, the mirror in the bathroom, beauty, sorrow, white, bed, room, valley, Alice, dead."

The psychologist broke into the stream of words. "Who was Alice?" he asked quietly.

"A girl I used to like," Arthur replied, "I was just a kid."

"She was unkind to you?"

"Yes, she laughed at me, I remember, made fun of my looks, kid affair, I felt very badly at the time. I thought I loved her, I guess; I'd forgotten all about it. But what is all this nonsense about? I've never thought of it until now."

"Only this," the psychologist said: "that Alice is the reason for your opinion about your wife. You have carried her rejection of you in your unconscious all these years and it has coloured all your thoughts about women. Your wife is cold because you are afraid; she nags because you have put Alice in her rightful place. Your trouble is not with your wife, but with yourself, and your nursing of a childish hurt. Face yourself as you are, and then go and see your wife for the first time."

We all have these blind spots in our emotional lives. When faced with a situation which causes you increasing pain, take out five minutes from your day and sit quietly. Try this free-association process on yourself. Jot down the words that come to you, and then try to put the puzzle together. It's a good and immensely profitable game. Look for the dominant emotion the unconscious is giving you: fear, sex, sorrow. Try to see how your errors in thinking have made the situation harder to bear.

In seeking love, a knowledge of the self is essential to prevent errors. You may be a husky man, but you are not all male; a very feminine woman, but you also carry masculine traits. There are women with more masculine hormones in their blood than feminine. These are inverts, born that way. In men an invert has more feminine hormones than masculine. In both sexes a normal hormone endowment may be perverted into homosexuality or Lesbianism.

Ouspensky, a Russian philosopher, describes the physical appearance of the body of Buddha, the great Indian religious teacher. There was an almost equal division of masculine and feminine characteristics in the body. In this great creative philosopher the two principles, masculinity and femininity, were almost equally distributed. Out of the union of these two forces came the creative expression of his teaching. Female unconscious qualities united to male conscious ones always produce new life of some sort. The objective appearance of Buddha was only an indication of the equal union of the two great principles in him.

A knowledge of your masculinity or femininity is most important to you when seeking a mate. If you are a very masculine man and marry a woman with a high percentage of masculinity, this preponderance of masculine traits will produce unhappiness. Too much femininity in a marriage will do the same thing. A union where the combined masculine and feminine qualities are about equal has the best chance for success.

Your preparation for love is as great as your knowledge of yourself. Only by self-expansion, a stepping up,

of your emotions to greater intensities, a heightening of the abilities of your five senses, can you attain a condition where you are ready to love.

Finding the positive centres in your nature, which alone can find love for you, is the most profound work you can do. This is your preparation for its consummation.

For instance, don't fret because your wife no longer appears to be interested in you. If it is true, you should have known it long ago, when your interest in her began to cool. If it isn't true, you don't need to fret. When her glance strays to another man more often than it should, don't accuse him or your wife of dishonest intention. Look into your own emotional situation. When you examine this carefully don't you find that your interest has declined?

Under the general plan of nature no one can give more love than he receives in return. He only thinks he does. Broken hearts are not caused by love, but by neurosis. It is not the cruelty or indifference of someone you think you love that breaks your heart, it is your own inner insecurity which uses outward circumstances to justify your lack of real preparation.

The love emotion without the opposition of the devils of neurosis is an equal interchange of energy, an equal giving and an equal taking. Psychically you cannot give unless you receive back an equal return. When you think you give more love than you receive, the answer is always your emotional immaturity. You are not loving really as much as you think.

Seek the cause of a woman's frigidity in the nursery

where she first felt the strength of her father's arms. She left her warmth there. She carries the possibilities of fire within her now, and this is what you are in love with, or think you are.

The shoe may be on the other foot. It may be you who is frigid. When yesterday you made a scene in protest over the extraordinary amount of the grocery bill, you were really speaking from the nursery. Your tightness with money is an outward symbol of your real fixation at the anal period of your development. You are really niggardly with your love also, and what you hand out, no self-respecting woman would look at. It seems like love to you, but it is really a mockery of the true emotion.

When you find this out, if you do, you will no longer be surprised that your love is not returned. You are lucky it isn't.

Unrequited love means that one or both parties are in the fog of neurosis. Neither one knows what love is or whom they should cherish. How can their hearts be broken? Pain always comes from objective values in the wrong place. Subjective pain is always due to the fact that we have placed subjective values in terms of objects.

For instance, the subjective emotion of love produces pain only when you falsely identify it with the body of the woman who attracts you. Sex is just such a false identification. It produces pain only where there is nothing more than the bodily idea in your emotion. For the emotion, being deeply subjective, and knowing nothing of money or houses or bodies or clothes, can

only be satisfied by a subjective response. It flows through the objects to a completion so subjective that it would hardly seem that the objects existed. Pain only comes when the flow of the emotion is forced to an objective goal.

Then the man, blinded by the weight of his discouragement, feels intense pain, and it comes out in a wild desire to possess, to hold, and unconsciously hurt the object that has so deceived his emotion.

Every time you allow your emotion to be diverted from its natural course, you sell yourself out. Go with your love at all costs, and know that it begins subjectively and ends so. This is the way out from pain and the only path to joy and life.

Sometimes it is right to tell a lie, and wrong to tell the literal truth. The idea of the " greatest good " should always be behind our actions. Einstein's mathematical ideas embodied in his mysterious doctrine of relativity have permeated to our ethical conceptions. We now look at the black-and-white pictures of right and wrong drawn with so great pain by our ancestors, and find that they have faded so with time that we wonder which is black and which white.

A doctor telling a nervous woman that she has cancer, even though that be a literal fact, we now consider barbaric. The highest good in this case is accomplished by a lie.

Such is the power of negative suggestion that when you say to a man, " I don't like the spot I see in your eye, it may be serious," he may worry himself into a nervous breakdown.

We now see that to call a man a " roué " and condemn him to Hell fire is an arrogant and indecent attitude. His sex neurasthenia is the cause of his actions, and he is in no way responsible for his disease. The Puritans judged people entirely by their outward actions. Adultery was sin. When Cotton Mather stood by the death-bed of one of his wives, and she meekly addressed him as " Mr." Mather, he did not see the indecency of his private life. When love came to him, with great resolution and bitter pain he refused it because objectively he considered it wrong. He was living in adultery and refusing love, while he burned the witches for the very sin of which he was guilty.

Never again, thank God, will we live in such complete confusion and so bitterly far away from nature. Psychology has taken away the foul garments and is letting the sunlight cure these terrible psychic ulcers. We are beginning to see that it is not what a man does but his intention which is important. In the eleventh century Abelard, the priest, saw this primary fact. He said that all conduct should be judged by motive, not by the action itself. Every action of your life should be guided by this " highest-good " idea. If your motive is to hurt, you can do it so suavely that the victim never knows who harpooned him. But you will be driving a nail in your own coffin just the same. Be guided by motives that help, as far as you can see, and then cease to worry about the consequences. This is the only attitude for a man to have when he approaches the mate relation, human love at its highest intensity.

Robert Browning, the poet, was in love. He had never seen the woman who had aroused this tumultuous feeling within him. He had just read some of her poetry, and received a few formal notes written in her unforgettable hand. But he knew himself so well that he did not doubt the reality of this sturdy emotion he felt. Understanding the world around him, he was not unaware of the difficulties it would place in his way. It cared nothing for his love, and would make him fight to obtain it. He was not afraid of the battle, nor did he doubt the outcome.

He met Elizabeth Barrett. She was a weak, pitiful invalid in bed. Although an accident several years before had placed her there, the real reason for her present imprisonment was her father, who supposed he loved her, but was really sucking her strength by his incestuous possessiveness. Browning saw at once the harsh hand of her environment, which he must combat if she were ever to be free and his wife. Meeting her in the flesh only intensified his feeling for her. Most men would have run away in fear from her helplessness. Browning, with his mature emotional eyes, was able to see within her pitiful exterior to the fire within which he needed as he needed nothing else.

Gradually, lovingly, he helped her to free herself from her father's domination. Her love for Robert made her walk again. He would take her to Italy. Would she go? She hesitated still, fearful that she might be a burden on him. She asked him the frightful question, "If I should die on the voyage to Italy, would you not feel guilty for asking me to go?"

His answer was the reply of her mate: " If you should die, I will accept the full responsibility."

This was the sturdy answer of the life-wish demanding its reward, willing to pay the price required of it, the acceptance of love and growth against all odds.

Where thought and feeling are equal, you are pursuing a life-course of action. Where a sexual action is too intellectual or too emotional, you always obtain a negative result.

Watch the intellectual and see how unable he is to act. His knowledge of facts is so great he cannot choose among them. Therefore he does nothing. On the other hand, see the instinctive person, with no judgment, rushing into dangerous situations, forced irresistibly along by the strength of his emotional reactions. One cannot act at all, the other not wisely but too well.

The college professor, with his books about love in all languages, searches for beauty by rule and is soon in the hands of some competent female with his dream of love still in the copy-book. The libertine's experience with women is nothing more than a photographic view of sex. His picture of love is no more than a blurred general panorama of many bodies. He has never seen a woman.

Sex is the very agreeable way that nature has hit upon to propagate the race. There isn't a man of us who isn't proud of her for the way she has handled this matter. But there she stops. After the child is born she says, " Use this sex instinct on your own initiative

from now on. But my advice is to turn it into love, if you want to have anything but pain."

The objective chastity of women has obsessed our ancestors since the Garden of Eden. Modern psychology has looked at this subject, and, as usual, does not agree with the ancient views. It finds—and here the difference between sex and love enters—that there is a catch to virginity. In spite of themselves women cannot lose psychic virginity as they can physical. When they want to give it, they have found their mate. Women of all sorts are now seen as psychic virgins until the right man comes along.

It is now realized that men, too, have their chastity. Due to the pressure of society and the consequent late marriage, men take bodily sex, but the purity of their adolescent ideas of romance still remains with them. Only a man who has lost this ideal completely loses his chastity. Sex has no terror like a man thus scorned. But most men keep their chastity for ever, and dry up psychically as did any Victorian old maid. Like all emotional ideas, chastity can only be given subjectively. It demands in return a psychic virginity. No man really gives up his chastity until he sees his mate.

There is only one test by which you can know whether you are loving or hating. The French philosopher, Henri Bergson, has put the idea in its most concrete form when he says, "Philosophers who have speculated on the significance of life and the destiny of man have not sufficiently remarked that nature has taken pains to give us notice every time this destiny is accomplished; she has set up a sign which apprises us

every time our activity is in full expansion; this sign is joy; I do not say pleasure. Pleasure, in point of fact, is no more than an instrument contrived by nature to obtain for the individual the preservation and the propagation of life; it gives us no information concerning the direction in which life is flung forward. True joy, on the contrary, is always an emphatic sign of the triumph of life." Is he not beautifully defining for us the difference between love and sex? Sex is pleasure, love is joy.

Ask yourself just one question about all your acts: "Are they producing joy for me or pain?" If you always experience pain, you should try by every means in your power to change your setting in life, or your relation to it. But when your life gives you the feeling of joy, you can be sure that you are a living man or woman expanding creatively.

Really to love, a man must be able to tell the difference between pleasure, pleasure tinged with humour or sadness; rage with purpose behind it, or rage really caused by one's own inadequacies; legitimate curiosity or furtive sexual peeking; jealousy, which is always motivated by one's own negative fears, or emulation caused by a positive desire to imitate a fine quality. A man must be always questioning the real purpose behind his constant flow of emotions, trying to reduce the negative and increase the positive expressions, and he must be able to perceive and grasp that rare moment when joy is offered to him, that sign that the love relation has been really found, that purpose which is attuned to his purpose.

The first principle a man can use to test the reality of this emotion of real love is the presence of an utter seriousness, dominating his feeling. There is no humour present here, no "I wonders," but an utter earnestness, which is the sign of a growing purpose. Seriousness seems to be an essential part of the working of this extraordinary phase of nature. As an emotion is stepped up to its highest power it is always grave. Great joy is serious, great hate is serious, great fear is serious, great wonder is serious. And love, the culmination of these dynamic emotions of men, contains the highest seriousness of them all. In physical amatory play there is no room for any but a serious behaviour, and where this sexual love is increased to its most intense form, there can be no possible doubt of its complete earnestness. William Blake in his magnificent "Proverbs of Hell" says this as no one else has, "Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps."

We laugh about the everyday occurrences of our lives, and this laughter helps us through many difficult situations, alleviating the unnecessary strains our ignorance forces on us. But no one laughs when confronted with the chance to love. The very difficulty always encountered in the attainment of a real love relation means that the suffering entailed in its capture has been so great that a prayer of thanksgiving is the only attitude possible.

When it does occur we call it a modern miracle, as indeed it is. It has always been a miracle, a miracle of painstaking effort on the part of each to fit himself to see beyond the disguises set up before the clear and

fluid beauty of the psyche. There is no miracle like it, nothing in human experience that so clearly deserves the adjective "magical," nowhere else so powerful a force in the elevation of the race from barbarism as this clear, naked meeting of two mates, seeing each other without the hindrance of neurosis.

There is no blindness here, no fumbling of one psyche for another. This relationship sees everything, feels everything, is aware of the world about the lovers, and aware of the implications of the common psychic energy they feel together. It has too much knowledge to fall into the error of the physical plane of love, and search for a half truth. It wants the whole picture, and is technically prepared to see it and take it. There is no possibility of distrust here, no jealousy, for these two psyches have delved so deep that they are united in the unconscious of the race and have become one spirit and one flesh. This is the only unity possible in a dual world. In complete understanding, this single love contains the most intense form of energy disclosed by nature, and is a fraction of the cosmic energy that sweeps through the universe.

CHAPTER XIX

AND A LITTLE CHILD . . .

Parents have much to learn from their children. It is the devils of possessiveness and adulthood that keep them from doing this, and which injure the child and the parent equally. In a family growing under natural laws there should be an exchange of psychic innocence on the part of the children for objective experience from the parents.

The delight of watching children grow up is a basic one. You are repaid a thousand-fold for your effort, and it is to be hoped that when they grow older you will not expect gratitude from them. Rather should you be grateful to them for the new light they have shed upon your life.

The technique of a parent with a child is a difficult one. In the first place, the child has not been treated as a human being in the past, but as a sort of pet animal. He is fondled one minute and slapped the next. Father sides with the child against mother, and mother weeps. The child takes all this preposterous behaviour seriously. To him it is life. But the conduct of his parents is on the insane pattern of their constant anxiety about life. Through their bizarre behaviour they are really asking

this innocent infant what he thinks of this crazy life anyhow, while he is totally unable to comprehend what it is all about.

Parents no longer need to fumble with their children psychically. Sooner or later they will learn that they themselves have to pay the penalties for their own ignorance, and that it is cruel to make a defenceless child suffer for their mistakes.

Offered a trust of incalculable value by life, parents unknowingly betray it. Unwilling to face their own love situation, they harm the child psychically by using him as a compensation for their disappointment. But this is a new age, and the techniques of psychology point out the path away from this ignorance.

The new baby arrives home from the hospital. Mother is proud, but a trifle uncertain. Father is arrogant and very much in the way. The changing of the first diaper is finally accomplished after much lost motion and when father, who has wanted to help, is at last pushed aside by mother. She fumbles her way through to the end of the job and baby lies back, covered with olive oil, somewhat battered, but otherwise unscathed.

The first bottles are sterilized. Fingers are burned and hot milk is spilled. The spoon that has been carefully boiled is dropped on the floor. Father does a lot of directing in this process, and mother accepts his advice only intermittently. The four precious bottles are finally stowed on the kitchen shelf, rubber caps safely in place.

A cry from upstairs. Father and mother both rush madly to the room. Baby is in earnest this time. This is no simple matter. The room becomes tense with thought and effort. Father and mother work desperately, but to little effect. They are unable to save the pillow and the sheet. About an hour elapses before baby is again in her snowy little crib, and, Oh, the difference in father and mother. Father musters a smile and says boldly: "Well, it wasn't so bad after all." Mother has disappeared for a bottle, because baby is now howling again with purpose in her voice.

The new father and mother have to learn their techniques as they go. After a short period of fear, they get the physical ones more or less under control The psychic ones they are mostly unaware of. The child suffers until they know how to treat it physically with efficiency. It suffers a great deal more from their failure to acquire mental techniques.

Three and a half years have now elapsed since father and mother tackled the job of caring for their first baby.

She has been christened Sarah, and is supreme in her position as the only child.

One day her new baby sister is installed in her crib, and Sarah has her first perplexing problem to face. After watching her sister carefully for some months, Sarah acts. She attacks the baby.

Mother hears a scream from the baby's room, and dashes in to find the baby's eyes bloodshot and young Sarah standing by watching to see what mother will do. As she watches her mother tenderly pick up the

howling infant to soothe it, Sarah's eyes turn sullen and hard.

Mother looks at Sarah and cries angrily, "Get out of this room, Sarah, and stay out. You are a very bad girl."

Sarah hesitates a moment, watching mother's anger and decides to leave.

She was meeting one of the realities of life for the first time, and it did not seem pleasant to her savage little ego. Much of her future happiness depended on how she reacted to this incident. If she took her mother's words as unjust blame, she would begin to store up in her unconscious a feeling of rebellion against her mother and hatred of her little sister. If she continued in this attitude, it might grow until in later life she would hate all women, hate herself as a woman, and find herself on the neurotic side of life. If she felt guilt for her action, this might grow also into some phobia or compulsion in later life.

If, however, she was able to see the justice of her mother's anger (an unlikely procedure in a child of three and a half), she would realize that she had done something unfair. She would have faced the reality of the situation and begun to accept the social requirements of life.

A wise parent would not have put her in the dangerous situation which the mother's anger produced. An attitude of calm indifference, and care that the same situation should not arise again, would have been a better method. A quiet talk later, emphasizing the fact that Sarah was a big, strong girl and her sister weak; that strong people never hurt weak ones, that

she should protect sister, would have been the way out of a dangerous situation. Sarah was losing her throne and was, quite naturally, fighting to hold it.

Each one of us has met situations such as this in childhood. Although forgotten, we can take them for granted. How did we react towards them? Are we still carrying in our emotions infantile phases caused by just such a youthful experience? If we do, we are refusing to face reality.

You can teach your children regular habits of mental cleansing as you ask them to wash their hands. Anger, fear, eroticism leave their residue in the child's mind, and every conflict and phobia creates refuse in the mental organism. Try to see when irritations are collecting in their minds. Such congestion is just as serious as constipation.

Emotion is the single most important force in mental life. Never allow or force your children to suppress their emotions. The fear of the parent thus induced is a deadly disease. Children can never tell by words the crimes that have been perpetrated against them, but by their deeds in after life they shout loudly their accusations against the ignorance of those who have been in control of them.

A child fights physically for his rights as the savage did. He is cruel as the savage was. He thinks disconnectedly. His thought carries over until a fresh stimulus occurs, when it turns immediately to follow the new direction. In every way he acts like the little barbarian he is.

Professor Robinson, in his book, *Mind in the Making*, is concerned with race creativeness and race atavism. Where the mass mind is neurotic, he finds the individual forced almost automatically to neurosis by the conventions. Psychically, a child approximates a primitive man or woman. He lives through the mental history of the race until he becomes mature. Then he begins to make psychic history. Each time a son advances a little farther into the unknown regions of experience and lives to tell the tale, another page has been turned in the book of the race.

Often a person can become mentally old before his body begins to show the signs of decay. Age indicates a misuse of the objective attitude, too much belief in the power of the conscious mind. At adolescence there is too great a swing to belief in subjectivity and too much release of the devastating emotion of the unconscious, which is still infantile.

Stanley Hall has written two important books on the question of youth and age, one called *Adolescence*, the other *Senescence*. As he sees it, adolescence shows the child mind struggling to attain emotional maturity. Senescence is brought about by the capitulation of youth to the rigid material forms of society. Outside pressure in adolescence brings on the first steps towards senescence. Wherever we turn, we meet again the central problem of our existence, a proper balance of our unconscious impulses and our conscious thought. Perpetual youth would be such a proper balance.

In adolescence the child feels his sexual powers for the first time in their real intensity. They have not

matured, but simply come of age. He is overwhelmed by the powers of his erotic feeling. He meets the rigid moral codes of society totally unprepared, and the battle between his inner desires and the prohibitions of the outer world is joined.

If he is not aided in seeing that he must not surrender the power of his sexual drive, must not feel ashamed of it, the processes of senescence usually set in at once. He then inhibits his eroticism consciously, crushing what is really his life force. No one can exaggerate the difficulty of this time. His family aberrations enter the scene, to make it yet more difficult. He clings to his mother or sister in phantasy. But this threatens senescence also. There is no escape but to accept the gift of life and try to find consciously some means to satisfy it. Promiscuity does not answer the question. That is only another variation of the family dependence, another kind of search for the mother.

He must be aided to see the hard facts of social life to which he must accommodate himself, and also be helped to obtain for himself a subjective picture of love as a necessity of a man's true growth. A certain sublimation of the instinct is absolutely necessary for a time. The false sublimation into asceticism only allows the ever-present senescence to step in and take him over.

What the wise parent can obtain from the rearing of children is a knowledge of the enormous potential energy in a human being, and the delight of watching a purely creative and spontaneous example of the joy of living. Parents need this stimulation utterly so

that they may return to the simplicities their complex adult life has driven them away from.

Father was engaged in the task of putting little Jenny to bed. He found it a delightful occupation. He came fresh to it, having been spared the nervous strain of looking after her all day long.

" Now, Daddy, Daddy, you be a good boy and sit here while I jump." Jenny pointed to the foot of the bed and proceeded to leap vigorously on the springs, finally falling with shrieks of delight into Daddy's strong arms.

Time after time this performance was repeated until at last Daddy thought it was time for the prayer. But Jenny thought otherwise and continued her vigorous preparation for sleep. Finally she was subdued to a temporary calmness in which the prayer could be said.

After God had been asked to bless everybody and everything, including the glass of water that Daddy had been commanded to get, Jenny proceeded with her wily efforts.

" Daddy, close your eyes," she whispered.

Daddy obeyed, and after a considerable time he received a little satin kiss on the end of his nose.

" Now, Daddy, do it again," was the next command, and Daddy by this time was in such a state of subjection that if she had asked him to take off his ear, he would have tried to comply. Jenny's next move was to administer a tiny kiss on his forehead. Daddy knew he should stop this, but his will was weak. Jenny changed her tactics.

"Sing me a song, Daddy, about the horsey," she lay back expectantly. Daddy began to sing. She gave him such breathless interest as no Caruso had ever received. Daddy sang again. He sang the "Muffin Man" as it had never been sung before. His rhythmic sense carried all before it in a magnificent rendition of "This Old Man," and he was rising to great heights in "I Saw Three Ships," when mother's voice interrupted, shouting: "Dinner's ready."

Jenny snuggled into her pillow. "Good night, Daddy," she murmured. "We had a nice time, didn't we?"

Daddy nodded and kissed her. He had been a witness to joy, the raw material from which nature fashions the later joy which is all a man can ask.

As you watch a child playing, you will not be wasting your time. Take a half-hour and just give yourself to the experience of observing. You will see a continual display of energy. You will see complete absorption in the thing being done. You will see great earnestness when the child is alone, laughter and joy when adaptations have been made to the wants of other children.

There will be no self-consciousness. The child will brew tea for herself on a stove made of an old box, and carefully use sand as sugar. There will be much attentive pouring of water from one vessel to another. Utter absorption, utter earnestness, utter interest.

Then suddenly this will be abandoned as quick as a flash. No more thought about tea, or pouring. These are completely put out of the mind as she runs for the

swing. Then follows a blissful ten minutes of complete enjoyment of the motion, accompanied by a song made up on the spur of the moment.

Piaget, a French physician, spent years studying the unconscious life of children, and came to the conclusion that the only normal mind is that of the child. The child simply doesn't know as many facts as we do, but who can say that the knowledge of facts makes us superior to the child? Half of our facts are fallacies anyway.

We really spoil this free, clear, creative mind of the child as we make it conform to the rigidities of our factual images. It is we who should imitate the dynamic processes of thought in the child, and begin to feel some of the absorbing interest it has in the wonderland around it. This is thinking, spontaneous, creative, enthusiastic. This is touching, this is hearing, the wonderful continual surprise in the mind of a child.

One day I entered the hall of a girls' school. There were a number of water-colours on the walls, done by the younger girls. I glanced idly around, and suddenly was electrified by one landscape of utter effrontery and mysterious charm. There, in a sunlit orchard, with pink blossoms everywhere, I spied a strange and unearthly creature securely fastened on one of the higher limbs of what I imagine was meant to be an apple tree. I was charmed, and when I found that the title of the picture was "April Fool," my delight knew no bounds.

Here was the extraordinary capacity of the child to enter into an idea without self-consciousness, with

delight—that state we older ones remember sadly but never hope to experience again. We scout wild ideas, we are dull and grey, and never allow a bit of stray extravagance to brighten our sober ways.

Chizek, a Viennese educator, made an unwitting change in the art ideas of Vienna by a show of the unconscious and naïve paintings of his pupils. There was a freshness and style in these paintings entirely different from the conscious art of the sophisticated Viennese artists. They learned from the children that life is spontaneous, fresh, full of delights and queer twists of events, if they were only willing to see it.

Children feel this free spirit and impart it to their drawings. And that is why we are sometimes made breathless by their simple, untutored use of colour and design. The sober mood of age is a great handicap to life, and we feel this keenly when a child breathes the vitality of the unconscious upon a drawing.

Investigations into the unconscious have been made in different ways, but one of the best is in the study of the natural mind of the child. Here, as in the adult, the struggle of the life- and death-wish is present. But there is less self-conscious resistance about bringing out the results of the battle.

Anita Muhl, for some years connected with Johns Hopkins University, has used the method of automatic writing and drawing to find the hidden causes of neurosis in children. Her results are amazing. She tells of one little girl who wrote automatically with both hands at the same time. The right hand was bold and wrote in large characters. The left was shy and wrote in small

script. The left wrote that it could not write, while the right hand rejoiced over this fact. It was the conflict between the feminine and masculine sides of the little girl's nature, and her masculinity seemed to be dominant.

While this may seem very simple, the indication of an important conflict in the child was brought out. Adults are inclined to say: "Oh, but she was just a child." If we could realize the number of infantile emotions the average adult shows during the day, we would be more interested in this kind of work.

As our dreams tell us so strangely, emotion has no age, and a man of forty will exhibit the tantrums of a child of six. In your unconscious depths are emotions so primitive that if you understood them you would wonder if these could possibly exist within you. They can, and any method that will drag these aberrations to the light of day is important to you. You need not be ashamed if you find one or two. We all have them.

Jung found that when he got his patients to draw and write automatically and unconsciously they betrayed their troubles in general, symbolic ways. Drawings would show mountains with people imprisoned within, birds trying to get out of labyrinths, dragons threatening half-formed creatures. Everywhere the aspiring wish for life was imprisoned and hindered by the forces of death. Wealth and poverty were sometimes used as symbols of life and death. Neurotic states came out as plain as day in these expressions of the unconscious.

If you wish to know something about yourself, do

some finger-paintings, or drawing without consciously thinking. You will find that you run to certain designs. Get Anita Muhl's book on *Automatic Writing* and see if you can figure out what your designs mean. They may not be as absurd as you think they are. You may not find them humorous but in deadly earnest.

Boys turn into men, they say, but if the truth were known, most men are only boys wearing beards or shaving themselves. Men are still using the training patterns they received in their youth. Boys are taught to have the masculine ideal, to play football, fight bravely, but to shun the weak, feminine seductions of the arts. "Sissy" is the term for anyone who fails to live up to these standards. The aesthetic ideals of a grown-up football player rarely get beyond an appreciation of the curve of a golf ball, or the ellipse of a horse's belly. Pianos are strange instruments to such men, fit for homosexuals, or women, to play with. They still hear the words of their elders: "Now, be a man," or "Don't act like a girl," and these training patterns still affect them.

In ancient Libya boys were trained to blush and keep their eyes downcast. They took care of the babies in later life, and did all the household work. Their training patterns were responsible for this. Utter stoicism was trained into Spartan youth, love of art into the Athenian.

Fritz Künkel, a German psychologist, has gone into this subject of patterns and found out how great is its influence on later life. Hitler to-day is successfully

training the entire youth of Germany to sacrifice themselves in war for the good of the Fatherland.

Look to your training patterns for the answer to a great many of your difficulties. You may have accepted them or rebelled against some of them. See if you can make a list containing those you still adhere to, and those you have broken. Speculate over them to see whether they are leading you to life or death. Ask yourself how they interfere with what you think is your real nature, and keep it from expanding.

Ruth Shaw, an American who made a deep study of children, has written a book on the finger-painting they do and its close relation to the unconscious. She tells a story of a little boy who stuttered. She asked him why he did so, and he replied that his mouth was round and the words were square. She then asked him to paint the pictures he saw and he made several finger-paintings to explain what he had said. Shortly after this the stuttering disappeared.

Miss Shaw is also responsible for the story of a little girl who had terrors in the night. She said there were twelve dragons who bothered her. She was asked to paint them, and when she had put them down on paper the terrors disappeared. Creative self-expression worked the miracle. It can be used by the adult as well as the child. But the adult usually finds himself too inhibited to allow creativity any sway at all.

As we look upon the bent backs, the plodding, flat feet, the furtive eyes, the baggy cheeks, the hopeless looks of later life, it is a feat beyond our mortal under-

standing to visualize the happy child from which these monsters sprang. And yet we know that it is the negative poisons of the child's environment that have done this. It is nothing less than psychic murder.

Asked how soon to begin training a boy, Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "You must begin with his grandmother." This is true, but usually impossible. We must content ourselves with the desire to make the child's environment as natural as possible.

The only approach to the study of life is that which looks first upon the new-born child as it makes its appearance, almost unconscious, into the world. No doctor is needed here, only food and fresh air and ceaseless maternal care. Watching the steady growth, the divining eye sees everything in place: beautiful rhythms of sleep and hunger, the utmost peace and dignity. The clear eye of the baby looks out trustingly and confidently upon its environment. No negative quality makes its appearance. The crying is natural, the only way to express hunger, and is the chief form of exercise. This is life in its essence, growing, beautiful and serene, asking its natural food—and beyond that, nothing.

And then the eye, which is aware, gradually notices that upon this perfect growing thing is being put the frightened, grasping hand of ignorance. The lacks of the environment are beginning to take their deadening toll of this defenceless little creature. The new psyche is now meeting forces of negation, combined forces that are too strong for it to combat.

And now the crying is more frequent and for no

ascertainable cause. The frown appears for the first time. The process of digestion becomes irregular and the negative trends of the parents frighten the young psyche away from its appointed course. Germs can now take foothold in this little body, and because of the new fear which now lives there, the body is unable to resist them.

All the psychic maladjustments of our so-called civilization impregnate the young spirit with their contagious virus. The baby is no longer growing firmly. Its growth is being checked here, retarded there, and as it gets older, the scars of its battle make their appearance.

The wise onlooker at this drama of life realizes that the first digestive disturbance is the key to all the later diseases of the body. Some ignorance of the parents, either psychic or physical, produced it—some failure of the environment. And to the student of life processes, the psychic cause of the disturbance is the real cause and the first thing to be eradicated.

He does not feel the body mechanism to be at fault, and he believes that, given the chance an animal has, the baby will develop as perfectly as the animals do. It is the ignorance of the parents which keeps the child from his natural growth.

CHAPTER XX

SIGNS OF LIFE

What is truly good for you is *good for everyone associated with you.* A platitude, you say? Not at all. It is one of the most profound statements of modern psychology. Fritz Künkel, the German psychologist and a disciple of Adler, is the author of this idea. If you accept it, it may revolutionize your life.

What is good for you is good for your wife, your son, your mother-in-law, your village—and don't be deceived by the cries of anguish they give when you begin to apply the idea. When you are in love with your wife, that is good for you and for her. When you are not, it certainly cannot be good for her, even though her mistaken sense of security clamours that you are injuring her by being yourself. Pain produces pain, joy produces joy, and no man-made rationalizations have ever been able to change this merciless law of nature.

When you over-protect your son, you emasculate him. You weaken him for life, and at the same time emasculate yourself. You want something from him to bolster your own lack of confidence in yourself.

Families are complex organizations taking second-hand strength from each member and reducing all members to weakened imitations of men and women, who sacrifice and pervert and cling. They do not see that every time they fail to follow their deepest desires, they are offending against nature. They do not even know their own desires, because they have been so perverted by negative family ideas. They have never recognized the health that lies in Künkel's statement: "What is good for you is good for everyone else." A further elaboration of this idea is that what is good for you has always a subjective side instead of being purely objective.

Samuel Gold was sleeping the blissful sleep of a man who has cast off the cares of office life for the two whole weeks of his annual holiday. Fourteen days were his to spend as he wished, a complete hiatus in his thoughts of application forms, accident reports, files, his boss, and the compulsions of the insurance business.

He woke early. The crisp mountain air came in through his open window, and he gazed out across an expanse of sparkling water to where a low-lying cloud hung on the top of a dark green mountain.

A vague feeling of excitement stirred inside him. This certainly was the life. He had never read much poetry, but he found himself trying to match words together carelessly and got as far as rhyming "awake" and "lake." This pleased him, and he had arrived at his first line of verse, "The water crept upon the shore," when he heard the inviting tones of the breakfast bell.

Hurriedly putting on his clothes, he went to the dining-room. What should he do to-day. A swim certainly. Maybe he'd go up a mountain, go fishing—he looked at the tennis-court; no, he could do that at home, and nature was inviting him in every direction. What a day! He could do anything he wanted.

In the afternoon he climbed a small mountain by himself. Half-way up he sat down beside a spring to get his breath. He inhaled the cool fragrance of the fallen leaves, the pines, and watched the little patches of light coming through the leafy roof of trees. For the first time he was aware of birds' voices breaking the complete silence of the forest.

"Here is peace," he thought, "so far away from the noisy warfare that men together in a city indulge in." As he lay outstretched on the earth, he felt himself relaxing from the tensions of his continued emotion of fear. Sam Gold was changing into a creature the former had never known. The peace of nature was sinking into his body, healing the sores his life among men had infected him with.

Thinking of his wife, at home with the new baby, he wondered if their continual disagreements were not partly his fault, instead of all due to her idiocies. Too bad he had not brought her here, he thought, although when he had left the city he had congratulated himself that he would have two weeks without her complaining voice.

He thought of his fourteen-year-old boy, Maurice, whom he had sent to a strict military school because no other had been able to handle him. He guessed he had

been a little too severe with him. In this new-found peace of nature, he was becoming quite forgiving. He simply could not lie there and hate anyone.

That night as he heard the waves on the beach and watched the line of moonlight on the water, a second wave of secret excitement passed through him. He suddenly thought: "What is this power that comes from nature that makes you think anything is possible; that takes away your fear?" Relaxed, and at peace, he went to bed.

Beside his plate at breakfast next morning was a telegram. Anxiety made him tense at the sight of this message from civilization. He tore open the envelope and read fearfully: "Your son Maurice expelled from school. Come immediately. Dawson."

A wave of anger and fear brought Samuel Gold to his feet. Leaving his meal untouched, he stumbled out to the lake. No longer did he see the beauty around him. He stared blankly at nothing, as a multitude of destructive thoughts flashed through his brain.

So that idiot son of his had broken out again. What had he done this time? He wished he had broken his spirit. The boy had always hated him, and this was one of his revenges. He recalled that afternoon when he had caught Maurice at his desk, ink all over everything and the point of his fountain-pen broken beyond repair.

A picture of the hatred in the boy's eyes when he whipped him flashed into Samuel's mind. He felt again his own blind anger, and his pleasure as the flesh shrank under his blows. For he was thrashing the boy

again in phantasy. Then he thought wildly of his wife. She had never agreed with him about the boy, took his part secretly. She had spoiled him, that was it, she was responsible for this new trouble.

He found himself walking along a path, deeply buried in his misery. He stumbled and fell, coming down with a crash on a rock. For a moment the sharp pain drove out his psychic agony, but it returned to torture him in a new spot.

What was the use anyway? He saw no reason for existence, no hope ahead, a wife he detested, a wailing baby whom she would be bound to spoil, and this vicious boy. Looking into the future, he saw nothing but trouble. He wasn't interested in his business, claim-adjusting he hated, deadly dinners with insurance agents from the country, his boss was against him. Wherever he looked the same grim scene lay ahead. For a half-hour his thoughts kept repeating themselves. Then came a blank period. Slowly he became aware of the landscape around him. He saw again the white clouds mirrored in the motionless water.

A new emotion was displacing the blind rage he felt, an emotion he had never known before. " Where men are, there is trouble. They have tried to escape from nature into their cities and houses of stone. They must not try to escape her, but to find her." Samuel Gold was really excited now.

" I was taking the place of nature to my son, and I didn't know how to do it. He was fighting my ignorant attempt to be a father. Nature wouldn't blame him. Men against men, destruction and death, and all the

time nature invites anyone who can see her to have peace. I should try to find what is natural, searching equally with my son for this happiness. Store thousands in the bank, and men devise ten thousand ways to get hold of it. Nature adds to your mental wealth day by day."

He went to sleep that night as proud as a child over his first house of blocks. The next morning he took the earliest train for the city.

Samuel Gold had found that when he drew close to nature the simple strength of the earth had filled him and clarified his mind. Never again could he be so confused by the problems that the competitive spirit of ignorant men presented to him. He was feeling for the first time a bit of the subjective power of real thought before which objective difficulties melt away.

In this world of objects in which we live, we have come to believe that the object is the world. F. W. H. Myers, well known for his psychical research and interest in the subjective, denies this easy generalization. He says we are not bodies walking about doing our daily job, but spirits animating an objective mass of matter. The only force which makes us move and think is a psychic one. Myers says that this subliminal self is the seat of consciousness. We are spiritual rather than physical beings. The death-wishes, to which we are so prone are simply the result of thinking of ourselves as physical organisms. If we could realize, for instance, that the idea always comes before the object, most of our troubles would be over.

A man wishes to possess his wife, to hold her with his hands, to keep her body in his house, somewhat as if she were a sack of corn. This is objective. But he can't lay his hands on her mysterious psyche. He can only find this by subjective processes. His psyche must meet hers before he can hold her as anything but a physical prisoner. Here is the idea again always popping up in its prior place. The idea of love before love, the idea of power before power, the idea of happiness before joy. Mental wealth before physical wealth, desire before the taking.

Phineas P. Quimby, an American, and a student of the French systems of mental cure, anticipated modern clinical methods by a number of years. The practices he developed were taken over by Mary Baker Eddy and incorporated in what is now the very powerful present church of Christian Science. Her contact with him was the greatest influence of her life. Anyone who is lucky enough to acquire at a large sum the first edition of *Science and Health* can read through its convoluted pages her idea of Quimby's teaching. In the Quimby manuscripts his real doctrine is more plain.

Quimby knew the power of subjective thought. He realized that the cause of our fear of ourselves and the disease it brings is subjective, with objective manifestations. He used the technique of silence with his clients. He would hold the hand of a patient and then sit quietly for some time. He said that silence was the best medium for subjective thought, and that such thought was usually healing.

In silence your unconscious comes out of hiding and

begins to tell you things you should listen to. When you are silently attentive you do not hear the negative thoughts so much. In melancholia your mind is not quiet and receptive, it is listening to the constant din of your repeated cries of despair. This is not true silence.

Always take time for periods of meditation. Its healing power is wonderful. When you again turn to the hurly-burly of your objective life, you will be more prepared to meet its requirements.

The key to living is in Christ's distinction between God and mammon. " Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's " is always and irrevocably true. You can't buy a bushel of mental apples. You can't pay nature for that flaming sunset she gave you last night by a half-crown entrance fee.

A man seeking real power must somehow combine the subjective and objective sides of his nature. This is a life's greatest secret, and no man succeeds unless he has worked carefully on the correct union of these two principles.

There is little hope for the race unless the mental values of subjectivity become more understood. Of two subjective Englishmen named Hudson, one made a lucrative journey into the mind of man, and the other, William H. Hudson, a subjective journey around the world. One saw man as he is, and not as he looks; the other saw foreign countries as they are instead of as they seem. For truth is arrived at only by subjective processes.

T. J. Hudson, the voyager into the unconscious, came

out with the knowledge that objectivity is of value only as it is realized in the subjective. He saw that it is our own feeling of pain that makes us want to hurt others, that it is our sensation of joy that forces us to share it with men. Objective action follows subjective thought. Even the most objective thought is subjective. The process of thinking itself is subjective. Life is always flowing from its inner mysterious sources outwards to the world of objects. It must find objects and endow them with life. It never goes from the object to the individual, always life—sight, attention, hearing—is looking out from its inner sources to the world of objects.

This beautiful gold ring. Who cares about it unless there is a beautiful finger that you long to put it on? Objective values for subjective emotions like love are the cause of much of our pain. And the worst of these is the competitive idea. We can compete for objects. But compete for emotions? The most insane idea man ever conceived. You might as well compete for a thunderstorm or the mountains of the moon.

The subjective flavour of a boiled potato has apparently nothing to do with the chemical properties that nourish you. It adds, however, to your enjoyment of the meal, and this pleasure you feel helps your digestion.

A water-colour of waves against a rocky shore, words put in such a way that they flood you with released emotion, the tidal flow of a phrase of music—these are a bit of the flavour of life. A man may exist without enjoying them, he can and often does become very successful, but he is not enjoying life as is the man

whose eyes and ears can perceive, whose love can be released by these stimuli.

We all react strongly to intensity. Every man is secretly pleased, whatever he may say, to be called passionate and intense. This longed-for quality is not obtained easily. The successful practice of relaxation is the only way to intensity. Tension is the false face of passion. It looks like it sometimes, but when it is present you can be sure passion is absent. The high excitability of life to-day is a symptom of a bad psychic disorder.

Anyone who is nervous is under strain. Two opposing forces are pulling in opposite directions. It boils down to an opposition of the conscious mind to the drive of the unconscious. Over-responsibility, fear which produces over-effort, guilt and self-consciousness are some of the causes of tension. The terrific drive for money, with the haste and over-efficiency which it demands, produces anxiety. A sort of closure results in which the mind is a blank and the muscles tight.

Physically, tension denotes a weakness of energy, a fear of the action intended. Psychically, it stops the mind from functioning, and mental fatigue is the result. It forbids love, and extends into the bodily regions as one of the prime causes of impotence. Tension is the foe of intensity and one of the great causes of decay.

The French psychologist, Binet, was interested in the way society forced a man into ways of life to which he was unadjusted. He saw that strain always resulted when a man entered the wrong profession or career. The round peg can never function in the square hole.

He made vocational as well as intelligence tests, and from his study arrived at a conclusion opposite to Freud's.

It appeared to him that the individual was out of order because his conscious mind did not function correctly. Whereas Freud stressed the unconscious, Binet was concerned with measuring the adaptability of a man's mind to life. Feeling that a person was not built for just any style of life, he said there were certain things he could do best, certain speeds at which he could work to the greatest advantage. He saw that if a man worked at the wrong vocation, the tension which it produced led to disease and death, and if his love life was unadjusted, the same pattern was followed.

As you watch a tiger, you feel his great relaxation. No constriction there, just relaxed muscles, perfect co-ordination, balance and poise. But see him go into action and witness the extraordinary efficiency of his body. Not a motion is wasted; his speed is terrific. Because of his ability to relax, his power is increased.

Watch a clerk going into his office. He is the picture of strain. His head is held rigidly on one side, his hands are clenched. He walks in a constricted way with no flow in his motions. He is the product of the machine age, the insane urge for more money at the expense of life.

This evening he will try to dull the pains of his ceaseless contest with society by potations of alcohol. He does find relief here, but it is only for a short time, and in the morning his body is weaker and more tightened for the next day's effort. As he bends over his books

and columns of figures, his neck is screwed up another notch, and his unconscious urges are pressed down a little further.

G. T. W. Patrick has written an interesting and instructive book on relaxation. He takes up the idea of play in one chapter. He has without doubt read extensively upon the subject, if his bibliography is any index. What he obtains from his observations and reading is the conclusion that the instinct for play provides a fine way to relax for the adult, and is the preparation of the child for work.

As far as he is concerned, this is the end of play, and he leaves it there, gasping, in the hands of chidren and adults, who have not progressed biologically beyond the adolescent age. If this is the end, if after throwing the ball against the wall, nothing is left but work, it would seem that we had better scrap our civilization and return to the bow and arrow. Play, in Patrick's hands, is anything but a great instinct. He doesn't see it as one of the highest in a man's life, but only as a preparation and a lull between storms of work. He is really at the beginning of the play instinct instead of the end when he carefully blots the last period and puts the top on his fountain-pen.

It is our trouble, and the cause of much disease in our lives, that we do not understand that this enlivening instinct does not leave us when we begin what we erroneously call our work in the world. It is still with us, usually buried deep under layers of duties and responsibilities. As we turn our faces towards the money god, he demands this instinct as an offering.

We surrender it unconsciously, and madly grasp our work. In the end we die, never having known what it was to play.

Love, or its usual substitute, fear, comes upon us when we are full of our work. We embrace it solemnly, and absent-mindedly enter into marriage. Play should be here, if anywhere, joking and joyous, but it is absent, driven out by work and the responsibilities of competition. We are serious men now, no longer children. We have work to do, ideals to follow, houses to build. The instinct for play languishes in a dungeon, with all the other life-forces of our nature.

The biologist, the astronomer, the inventor, the composer all work hard without looking at the clock. But are they working?

Work was play for these men. The highest, most intense form of work is always play. It is only the wisest men who play, who know enough somehow to beat this work-bogey which rides on our backs. That they turn out a prodigious amount of what the world considers work does not interest them in the least. They are drinking from a fountain of eternal youth which pours into them the limitless water of life.

They slog away at their techniques, by which alone they can play as they wish. This is work subordinated to the play idea, not to the perverted ignorance of society. Money is a by-product of the ceaseless desire to play, to know, to feel an ecstasy that never comes with work.

The world is their playground; they are after its secret, they wish to kill its poisonous pests; they are

seeking to know more of the hidden facts of its energy. The rhythms and forces of life are waiting to be brought into form by such players as these.

Ask Mr. Freud if he considered that he was doing work. He would tell you that it was the most exciting kind of play. He could only have made his tremendous effort in this spirit. His greatness lies in this attitude.

Pick out what work you can do and still have a little time for recreation. Give your whole attention to it and then forget about it after hours. You will be surprised at your resultant efficiency.

Never be too practical. This is always the counsel of fear. A little good music, hours spent in a good book, time out for just lying on the ground looking at the sky, produce dividends of mental wealth. What was Newton doing when he saw the apple fall ? He wasn't standing waiting tensely for the event to happen. I'll bet he was lying on the ground in a pleasant state of receptivity. And then—bang—that apple again, which has dogged men from the Garden of Eden, and the idea, and a complete revolution in the thought of all men.

Aristotle, the father of ethics, would certainly be surprised at the way we have distorted his ideas. For he taught that mind was the fulfilment of the body, life the fulfilment of the mind. He saw the growing creative principle in every personality, and the duty of the individual to find and follow his unique pattern of life.

Modern biology when it speaks of proponent response means this: that there is an innate impulse in every

organism to express itself after its kind. The maple tree is never snobbish to the oak, nor does it wish to deck itself out with oak leaves.

Learn to ask yourself by whose authority you should deny impulses which nature has placed within you, why you should repress natural dynamic energy. Realize that when your natural impulse is forbidden, there is no authority for this prohibition except the decadent superstitions of civilization. A false conception of social life is the devil which dares to challenge the normal unfolding of your personality. Never obey the conventions which restrict your natural growth. Learn that the only moral conduct for you is the one that forces you to obey your innate impulses come what may. Happiness is only obtained on this basis.

There comes a time in your life and mine when we are faced with our ultimate choice. Shall we go this way or that? We are wise people if we know when this moment arrives, and wiser if we take the choice that will bring us the greatest happiness. For it arrives so innocently, and the decision required seems so far removed from what we consider the big issues of our lives.

It is quite possible that your big moment arrived when you were playing golf. Your ball was in the rough and you were playing for five shillings a hole. If you lost that hole, you were beaten and would have to pay. You found the ball in an impossible lie. No one was watching you and you could move it a couple of feet and play out easily to the green. Your decision on that apparently unimportant question may well have changed your life for you. For there is no differ-

ence between a dishonest act of this character and a pool in the Stock Exchange. The intention of the act is to cheat; whether there is five shillings or a million in the transaction, your purpose to be fair or dishonest is the measure of you.

Or you may be offered a job in a business you have always longed to be in. But you are making more money where you are and have a family to support. Your present business gives you no kick whatever. This looks like a mere chance opportunity. It may well be the decision on which hangs your happiness or your despair.

All our actions boil down to the bones of their real intention, to live or to die.

Everyone makes this decision. It is as inevitable as the tides of the ocean, and hardly any of us knows when or how we made the choice. As William James puts it, this power of choice is the thing that makes you a living creature. If you do not see this choice when it comes to you, it is a foregone conclusion that you will not exercise your right to choose, and therefore you will take up your position with the rest of the inanimate objects of nature.

If you see the choice, and choose money and power, you become equally dead as far as nature is concerned. When you choose self-expansion, at whatever cost of money and position, the greatest boon nature has to offer descends upon you and you enter your second innocence, what William James has termed your second wind.

In his book, *On Vital Reserves*, he says: " On usual

occasions we make a practice of stopping our occupation as soon as we meet the first effective layer, so it is called, of fatigue. We have then walked, played or worked 'enough,' so we desist. That amount of fatigue is efficacious obstruction on that side of which our usual life is cast; but if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain point, when gradually or suddenly, it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue obstacle, usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience, a third and a fourth 'wind' may supervene. Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical and in exceptional cases we may find beyond the very extremity of fatigue distress amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own—sources of strength habitually not taxed at all because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points."

Second innocence is the taking of a life-course with nature. To attain it you have had to go through resistance enough to try you sorely. But when you receive this "second wind" of a true knowledge of what life is all about, you then progress evenly forward with none of your former misguided and frantic effort. It means that you now believe in natural things, although you have a complete knowledge of the artificial.

You and I, therefore, should not sneer at the word innocence. "He's an innocent chap" are the words the

world uses to express ridicule and contempt. It means that anyone who respects women is nothing better than a sap, the reverse of sapiens. "He's a wise chap," the world says, meaning he knows his way about, no one fools him, but he fools everyone. He has no saccharine ideas about love, he knows how to make a quick profit, he knows where to dine, and what to order.

But Christ, who understood our devils and Hells, said, "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Keep your youth, that is what Christ means; hold on to it, for it is your greatest source of mental energy. Never let it go and die the thousand deaths of the wise men of the world. Hold on—desperately, grimly, all your life—to the attitude of youth which is innocence. Never succumb to worldly wisdom no matter what grand estates it offers for your declining years. Such wisdom never reaches beyond stocks and bonds, warfare and the fancy forms of prostitution. Innocence is a knowledge of life, profound and creative. It *is* life. The only road to mental riches is the attitude of innocence.

Emerson felt profoundly the similarity between innocence and nature. He writes his first book, *Nature*, over and over again in this spirit, each time adding more illumination on the great central problem of man's relation to her. He saw the fallacy of competitive ideas and practices around him, the man-against-man idea. He rejoiced that while a man could fence his property and keep all others off it, he could not forbid them to enjoy the beauty of his wooded hillside. This

continual search of Emerson's for mental wealth produced riches not only for himself but for all men.

Great as has been its contribution, modern psychology has not yet advanced much beyond the point of showing us how to avoid abnormality. Emerson discovered that when a man becomes natural, he advances beyond the regions of the normal. He saw that man's relation to the spiritual laws of nature was even more important than his relation to the physical.

This made him take the most advanced stand for the right of a man to be himself at all costs. No philosopher or psychologist up to his time had approached him in his radical ideas of the duty of a man to adjust his life to nature. He lifts the relation of man to man out of the social realm into the universal, and there Emerson stands as the poet-thinker, saying that a man's duty is to his profoundest inspiration, rather than an adjustment to any external plan.

This idea agrees with the discoveries of the new psychology, which inevitably point out the fact that it is you, yourself, whom you must work for day and night, trying with your utmost effort to bring from out your interior chaos the order which will make you recognizable as a human being. And when at last you are seen as a full-grown man or woman, you have done your duty. The sight of you and your maturity will be a blessing which will help others. Accomplish this self-service, and think of nothing else.

It will be more than adequate. The sight of your breathing health and the touch of your warm and living body will accomplish what positive action always

creates: a desire in others, less mature than yourself, for imitation.

This is your manifestation of tenderness and love. For, by freeing yourself, you just as certainly help to release others. You show by your fight to liberate your impulses a positive love for nature and yourself as a creature under its laws, content with those laws, and therefore an exponent of the life principle.

By this effort you have moved at last, and are alive.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT PSYCHOLOGY HAS FOR YOU

The subject of psychology is so vast that none would agree on who were the most important individuals in the field, or on the value of the contribution each has made. Yet there is a way to review and re-present the leaders of thought in this field, if we centralize our inquiry on how much each has brought to modern man in his struggle to cast out the devils of neurosis.

There are primary thoughts and attitudes which are essential in the process of self-realization. The first and by far the most important of these was presented by Aristotle many centuries ago, and there has been nothing so challenging to our social beliefs as this basic teaching of the founder of ethics and the father of science.

He propounded the doctrine of " entelechy," which perhaps is best translated as " fulfilment of human potentiality." He taught that the mind was the fulfilment of the body, and that life should be a fulfilment of the mind. In other words, he saw the human being with the same great simplicity with which we see all plants and animals. We recognize the unique

gifts of each species of plant or animal, and accept its limitations without blame of the living creature. We do not expect a polar bear to do the work of an elephant in the tropics, nor a palm tree to thrive in northern ice.

Aristotle held exactly this attitude towards personality. First, that mankind had a mental or psychic correlation with his physical gifts and equivalent limitations. But he recognized that this principle held for the individual as well, and that upon it rested the whole right of identity. Thus the individual has only one primary duty: that of being himself and doing those things that are a constructive fulfilment of that self.

An equally great compatriot of Aristotle was Socrates. He showed the importance of an open mind, and that the individual tended to fail in personal development because of the constant infringement of social shibboleths upon him. In other words, the great Greek used what is now called the "Socratic Method" to free a person of social masquerades and self-deception, helping him to find truth and natural expression below the stereotyped and platitudinous thinking of his time.

Plato, the important follower of Socrates, not only became his secretary, but added to his teaching a vital *pronunciamento* that all life is spiritual, that the soul functions through the body and motivates it. He taught his followers that sensations do not in themselves suffice, that one must think about them and with them. Thus he showed that man loses his way by objective and superficial evaluations of his

experience based upon his five senses, and that all guidance and integrity in living inhere in the subjective activity of man's mind. He pleaded with his listeners to realize their psyches, or spiritual selves, and asserted that knowledge was not otherwise achieved except as one becomes subjectively aware of the inner values of all the life about him.

Hundreds of years passed before any major mind again appeared, except in the sphere of religion. The greatest of all proponents of spiritual psychology was, of course, Jesus, and none showed such power in casting out devils. But the limited interpretation of the ministry of Jesus has so weakened its vitality, that we do not normally think of Him as a great contributor to psychology. And yet how closely all His teaching correlates with that of Aristotle, Socrates and Plato, particularly when He accents the importance of spiritual self-realization.

Hundreds of years after the death of Jesus, Berkeley emphasized the importance of psychic values by denying even the existence of the external world. He reduced all life to subjectivity, and laid the foundation which has made many modern thinkers, Ouspensky, for example, neatly explain that we cannot prove any objective fact of life, since all such facts are alone apprehended by our senses, and their realization would be completely changed by any modification of those senses. We have no proof that the physical world exists as we think we know it, but only that it seems to exist as it does because our five senses are constituted as they are.

There is no foundation to any form of modern science apart from this limitation of man's capacity to receive stimulus from the world outside him, and his ability subjectively to comprehend what it may mean. This basic theorem of Berkeley's, then, at least sets you free from submergence in a physical world, but you are safe in following such a philosophical lead only if you keep your thought as concretely attached to life as Berkeley did throughout his career. As a philosopher he was an idealist, as a psychologist a persistent and concrete empiricist, using the association process as the means of connecting his carefully made analyses of the external world with his subjective values of inner consciousness.

Immanuel Kant carried the empirical attitude much further than Berkeley, and although he did not follow him fully in the denial of matter, he did accent the importance of subjective understanding and spiritual perception. He revealed that there was such a thing as pure reason, which could be carried on in inner consciousness quite apart from the impinging influence of the factual world. He developed what some have called the "notion" of space as subjective, which closely correlates with the deeper insights of our modern physicists, but he showed that the inner mental process was of fundamental importance, and thus he was concerned with bringing the outer and inner worlds into relation—which is the only way any man can keep sane. He clarified the fact that intellect differs from feeling and will, and that you can yourself separate your thought from emotional control.

Upon this foundation, of course, rests the whole question of personal freedom. You cannot cast out any devils except as you can perceive by means of intellectual keenness the consequences of behaviour, reason about your will and intellectually create constructive mental imagery to redirect the current of your will.

Here, then, in this contribution of Kant's, is the keystone of modern therapeusis, and by its means you can rid yourself of barbaric impulses and neurotic emotionalism.

Kant was an intimate friend of Emanuel Swedenborg, who contributed a great deal to the founding of the deeper aspects of psychology. Swedenborg's teaching agrees perfectly with that of Kant in the relation of will and understanding. He explained that the way to get rid of your negative mental states was first to understand them, to see what created them, the primitive impulses involved in them, and then to decide what new and better patterns of conduct you would impress upon your will. To clarify this process of release, he propounded the idea that man's mind was divided into three parts: the conscious mind, or " mens "; the unconscious mind, or " animus "; and the superconscious mind, or " anima." He showed that the way of life consisted in conveying the facts of better conduct from the mens to the animus and of thus impressing the anima or psyche. He explained also that the thought process of the mens was typical of all factual evaluation, intellectual processes and intelligent perception. He saw it as logical and sensory. The thinking of the animus and anima,

however, he insisted was symbolic, that in our unconscious depths was an inner language, or Arcana; and he showed that there was always a correspondence between the outer form and the inner meaning.

Here we have the whole foundation of Freud's insight into the latent content of thought, just as we have a complete basis of Jung's concept of the animus and anima as the masculine and feminine principles. Swedenborg not only propounded both theories, but gave the exact terms centuries before these modern psychologists.

Hegel agreed with the deeper presentations of Berkeley, Kant and Swedenborg, but he carried an understanding of the symbolic values and an insistence upon the spiritual realities in the world of culture into the concept, accenting the creative side of man's consciousness. In his *Theory of the Beautiful*, he made it clear that unless we live through dynamic expression from our inner natures we do not live at all. In other words, life is of the spirit, and not of the body. The natural world, as Swedenborg put it, is dead, and only animated by the spiritual world.

Leibnitz studied the relation between the body and the mind, introducing the idea of apperception. He insisted that ideas in the mind alone give understanding. In other words, that what you see, hear, touch, is useless and often untrue unless you have digested it and transformed it into subjective comprehensions.

Descartes separated man from the other animals and demonstrated that he had a psyche, which endowed

him with the capacity to formulate ideas, and that thus he could rise above material values and master them. Here is a veritable declaration, if you will, of a way to freedom. Man alone, as we now know, has the great cerebral hemispheres in his brain, endowing him with the power to deliberate. He is human only as he uses this gift of comprehensive meditation. The idea that you have to be ruled by creative impulse is here denied, but not that you must exclude your primordial powers from consciousness. For men like Descartes and Leibnitz did not preach a conflict between flesh and spirit; they merely stated that the spirit can use the powers of the flesh, accenting the doctrine which Browning put in Rabbi Ben Ezra: "Would we some prize might hold to match those manifold possessions of the brute, gained most as we did best."

It is not in the inhibition of our primitive and passional powers, but in their direction through psychic perception that growth and freedom lie.

Spinoza understood the struggle which easily develops when man has not comprehended his basic forces. He pictured emotion dynamically, as involved in the struggle of self-protection and self-realization, perceiving that when we did not know how to handle the impulsive foundations of our natures, it produced conflict and involved states of consciousness. In this insight he laid the foundation of our modern understanding of mental states, complexes and phobias.

His insight, however, was too keen for him to suppose that the individual was the condition he gets into,

and he accented the point, in harmony with the leaders who preceded him, that in declaring an intellectual identity free of emotionalism and from that inner centre of being working to break away, lay the way to peace.

Herbart, who first brought into the more academic aspects of psychology the idea of a division between the conscious and subconscious mind, insisted that ideas were centres of force, which change life and personal experience as the individual clarifies them and allows them to become dynamic. In other words, he explained the principle by which emotion which has become involved in conflict may be clarified. He showed that such emotional states exist below the level of everyday awareness, and, being subconscious, can only be reached when feeling is so merged with thought that ideas become dynamic. He taught that ideas were *something* and were never lost, that thought had energy and form. To him the power of life lay in subjective comprehension, in a union of conscious and unconscious mentation.

He was actually the founder of what we now call psycho-analysis, and from this source, united as it was with the greater teachings that preceded it, we can see the historic background of such men as Freud and Jung.

The truths of this great contribution can help you to eliminate literalism, superficiality, externalism and mere surface intellectualism from your personality. You will realize that unless you understand the sub-

conscious values behind the conscious plane of appearances, you have no adequate comprehension of yourself or others.

We perhaps owe more to a far less-known psychologist, a Scotsman by the name of Hamilton, who propounded the doctrine of "redintegration," and who thus clarified the relation by which the impressions in the subconscious are able to affect our intellectual life. He taught that the experiences through which we pass are stored in the depths of the mind as potent and dynamic memories, and that they may gather there through decades unless, through analysis, they are re-seen and re-valued. Thus he explained that a small part of an original experience, if it comes into play in the present, can produce the entire thought and feeling of the original experience, thus garbling our perception of the present experience and completely changing our relation to it.

Here is the key that explains the whole question of how the past rules the present. It is safe to say that Hamilton gave the best working basis to understand the intricate behaviour of the human mind.

Johannes Müller, the founder of "Vitalism," tied this same attitude of the mind as a force up to the Aristotelean doctrine of entelechy. He was a great experimenter with the bodily structure, and he discovered that there was a specific energy in a nerve, thus laying the foundation of our modern understanding of the specificity of tissue. Now, since even man's physical body has definite ways of functioning, and his cells unique power, there can be no question but that

a vitality, or spirit, surges through man's organism, and through the energy created in the grey matter of his brain the activity of the white matter, whereon the memory records are left, is not only vitally changed, but constantly reshaped.

The way to personal freedom was greatly clarified by men like Fechner, Wundt and Ebbenhaus. Fechner developed the idea of experimentation, to which we owe the whole research method of modern psychology. He showed that we do not have to depend upon introspection, but that we can use psychology as a mirror of inner consciousness connecting the subjective life with objective expression, even as we connect objective life with subjective understanding.

Ebbenhaus spent much of his time in the study of memory and forgetting. He showed that the more times an experience was repeated, the deeper the impression upon the mind. Thus he laid the foundation for understanding how family life and early environment create, through the repetition of parental edict and circumstantial influences, such mighty memory patterns. But he also showed that by the same repetition positive or constructive effort led to learning, and to a change not only in the memory structure, but in one's whole way of life.

Wundt connected such evaluations with the idea of apperception, showing that wrong attitudes and images, gathered from experience, distorted one's comprehension of life, whereas associations connected with reality, and experience of a constructive and positive type, led to a basis of comprehension

that permitted the individual to understand life correctly.

Here we have the foundation of an understanding of good and bad action, of right and wrong insight—the key, if you will, that determines whether we are to remain ignorant or gradually to gain wisdom. In his study of the folk ways, Wundt showed that while there was much inherent wisdom in the thought-patterns of man, they were not to be depended upon except as re-evaluated on a true basis of apperception.

If you accept the teachings of these experimentalists, you will no longer be willing to depend upon introspection for your basis of personal growth, but will care more for experimentation and retrospective methods of self-analysis. Seeing what you did in the past, you will evaluate your own case record, thus freeing yourself from attitudes of guilt and blame, casting out rigidities, and by repetitive effort reshaping your way of life.

Herbert Spencer brought true encouragement to personal effort, since he accented the idea of individual development. The more comes from the little start. If you cast out the idea of perfectionism—that you ought to be completed at any one time and place—you will see human nature in a constant state of evolution, change and growth, and dedicate yourself to this effort.

Indeed, to this end you will follow the spirit Emerson so amazingly declares in his essay on Self-reliance. There is expressed the Magna Carta of modern psychology, which confirms Galton's idea that you have a

right to individual differences. From many angles, Galton proved that only as we become differentiated, only as we accept our unique selves and cast out the devil of standardized natures, do we make any real progress.

The thought may continually recur to your mind: "How shall I impress my inner nature with the new paths I wish my life to take?" And it is but natural that many in the field of psychology have asked this same question and done yeoman research in the field of personal susceptibility. This major interest dates from the time of Mesmer, who found that by a series of passes he could put the person's conscious mind to sleep and communicate with his nether depths. Although his original research was carried on in controlled introspection, he came to see the power of suggestion as an important aspect of consciousness, and, more than this, that many of our mental sicknesses become converted into physical conditions. Hypochondria—that is, unconscious attitudes leading either to imaginary or actual disease—he found was not uncommon.

The devil of conversion is, in fact, one of the worst of Satan's cohorts, for it is very easy for us to sink into moods of self-pity, and thus to justify our self-indulgence by saying we are too ill to make an effort.

We no longer speak of lunatics. Scientific names have taken their place. Much of the new classification of the serious abnormal states we owe to Kraeplin, a German psychologist, who antedated Freud. The

psychic abnormalities were quite completely covered by Kraeplin, who might be called the first psychiatrist. Dividing the psychoses into dementia praecox, manic depression, paranoia and paresis, he noted the relation of epilepsy to this latter condition. These are all organic diseases—that is, having a physiological basis—except that paresis and epilepsy are congenital, passed down by a germ injury to an ancestor. Syphilis is the usual cause of such conditions.

Dementia praecox is an extreme outward lethargy, a repression of the internal chaos. Nothing comes out except spasmodic, disconnected actions, and terrific emotional states are described in dull, monotonous tones. Manic depressives, on the other hand, are often brilliant and gay when in a maniac phase of the disease. Then at certain periods they sink into dull states of melancholia. Their way is to swing from elation to despair.

Paranoia may develop from either of these states like the apex of a triangle. This is a state of grandeur delusions, superiority stepped up beyond all reason. There is a touch of paranoia in all dictators and those who rule by the right of power alone. Paresis is a degeneration of the brain and the neural and glandular system. Extreme excitement, swearing, shouting and strange actions are characteristic. Epilepsy is less violent, the tides of the disease flowing from superficial brilliance to a moody dreaming, often punctuated by attacks of unconsciousness.

These abnormal states should not be confused with neurotic conditions, although of course they are

neurotic in the extreme. But all neuroses are functional, or essentially mental in aspect, never organic, and are produced by the forces of environment on an otherwise normal individual. The neurotic can help himself to health, the psychotic needs skilled assistance.

Following the inspiration of the French school, men like Charcot made great use of the power of suggestion in treating mental disorders, not only through hypnosis, but through other forms of impressing the emotional levels of consciousness. In America, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby developed a technique of suggestion through meditation, seeking to create inner spiritual changes which would work transitions in mental health and cure physical disease. He propounded the idea that in our early environments we take on negative atmospheres which then become converted into physical disorders. By constant reaffirmation of the positive forms of thought, he brought people out of their conditions.

It is interesting to realize how closely the analysis of negative atmospheres correlates with the Freudian technique of research into the impressions and attitudes of the early environment, and it is a fact that those who knew Quimby and experienced the effect of his work record amazingly similar methods.

That these techniques should become garbled by later followers is natural to suppose, for few in the early days understood the subliminal depths, or how the individual is affected by thought and feeling. Such men as Drummond, in his philosophical pronouncements on the spiritual self, T. J. Hudson and

F. W. H. Myers in their researches into the centres of being, did much to explain the extrasensory phenomena contained in all forms of suggestion. We do not yet know how much the individual is impressed by the mere phrase which he hears, and how much suggestion is telepathic in its nature. What we do know is that the individual who seeks to impress his subjective mind with affirmative forms of language reconditions what Myers called the subliminal self, and frees the psyche of those fears, doubts and dreads which create man's morbid states of being—his Hells.

One of the healthiest aspects of the new psychology lies in its belief that you need not deny objective, physical facts when you turn to the spiritual side of life—a mistake constantly made by over-religious thinkers. Nor need you deny the psychical values of the subliminal self because you turn to a close examination of physical facts. William James has often been spoken of as a behaviourist, because in propounding the James–Lange theory he so emphasized the effect of physical action and posture upon the thought and feeling of the personality. There is no great conflict between his teaching in this phase of the subject and the researches of men like Ivan Pavlov into conditioned reflexes. He saw the effect of environment upon the individual, and would not have been in serious disagreement with the researches into the way the infant mind is affected by experience made by J. B. Watson, the behaviourist.

But James did not limit himself to these external aspects of so great a subject as psychology. He

admitted them, but saw beyond them. He was the founder of Pragmatism: the technique of proving subjective values by repetitive tests in objective life. But unlike some of his followers he was a pragmatic absolutist, a believer in the Cosmos, a man who saw and trusted the majesty of a Divine Order. It was he who wrote of the spiritual forces of the self, who enunciated again and again the dynamic principle of man's nature. He wrote on Vital Reserves, spent much time in psychical research and was deeply responsive to the work of men like Hudson and Myers. They were indeed his personal friends.

It is in this balance between an understanding of the spiritual values of the subjective powers of man's mind and the objective and factual phases of material existence that real insight is gained. James spoke again and again of man's power of choice, of his ability to find in his objective setting the annoyers and the satisfiers, and through good judgment to control and eliminate the annoyers and increase and use the satisfiers. He taught that each individual had conceptual systems, ways of personal power and expression, a concept that antedated all that Koffker and Köhler have done in Gestalt Psychology. In fact because of its exactitude, the term Conceptual Systems is infinitely to be preferred to the term " Configuration " which they used.

James was also sympathetic to those researches of Pierre Janet regarding the fatigue effects of environment upon the individual. James believed that exhaustion was by far the largest factor in any neurotic

condition, and by this statement he meant mental or psychical as well as physical exhaustion.

Janet and James both believed in the gospel of relaxation. But their attitude was sympathetic also to another method for the cure of fatigue. Both taught that the individual had great areas of untapped strength, hidden energies, as James called them. Janet asserted that new activities which put this strength into action were quite as curative of fatigue and as important in the correction of neurosis as rest and relaxation themselves. In other words, they both understood how important the control of attention was and insulation by new interests. When you are absorbed in some fascinating activity your attention is no longer given to the negative influences that create your strain.

Both of these men thoroughly recognized the physical involvements of all mental conditions, and were not resistant to those consequences of emotion upon the body, which are now so rapidly becoming understood. W. B. Cannon has done excellent work in explaining how the emotional reactions of fear and anger affect the endocrine glands. Since his time, Berman has contributed much about the power the glands have to affect the behaviour of personality.

No man has done more for the important educational aspects of psychology than John Dewey. He has clarified not only how we think, but emphasized the creative unfolding of the individual, asserting that it is necessary to develop the whole human being in order for him to possess normal intellectual power.

Once you come to this point of view, you will cast out the devil of mentalism: that habit of reducing all life to a superficial survey of obvious facts, that critical smartness so often thought of as brains by shallow judges of intellectual power. A man's thinking is worth little if he sees only the objective appearances and the sensory facts. And even these he cannot perceive persistently. E. L. Thorndike has proved that we all have learning plateaus, times when we acquire information with ease, and others when the senses and intellect are closed and we are, as it were, digesting the information.

The mentalist is one who over-accents the learning (or eating) process, and ignores the judging (or disgesting) process. Don't be a literalist or a factual glutton. Accept your normal rate of learning and try to relax in between, and while you relax be contemplative.

R. S. Woodworth, who has at times collaborated with Thorndike on the learning drive, shows in his admirable little book, *Dynamic Psychology*, that all true achievement is purposive, that there is a deeper level to the mind than the mere plane of sensory awareness and logical reason. If you see the truth of this concept, you will cast out intellectualism and turn towards the more profound leaders in the field of thought and education.

As I have said, W. H. R. Rivers gives perhaps the clearest and most intelligent guidance in this significant pursuit. In his study of the nervous system, he has discovered what is called the "All or None" law: that nerve reaction tends to go to extremes, from torpor

to complete craving, and, influenced by our nervous systems, we have a similar inclination when in the primitive or undeveloped state.

Following this inclination to "either-or" thinking, then, we are likely to wish to be completely intellectual, excluding emotion as an unnecessary interference; or else we are self-indulgently emotional and bored with mental values. But true living develops only when feeling merges with thought. Indeed, the power to achieve depends upon the motive plane, or hunger level, of personality. Rivers has called this the protopathic drive.

The protopathic tendency, however, is bent upon satiety. It is blind hunger, unleashed sexuality, propulsive craving for companionship. But since these are primordial and often unwise in their expression, they must be merged and guided by the "epicritic" process. By epicritic Rivers means higher judgment, deliberation, contemplative reason—all, in fact, that belongs to the intellectual level of personality. When the motive-drives and great life-wishes are merged with this epicritic plane of guidance, normality results and power to accomplish comes to pass.

In the large, we can say that Rivers' approach to mankind and his life problem is in many ways similar to that of Sigmund Freud, except that his thought-forms were more purely scientific and his presentation within the terms of academic research. What Rivers calls the protopathic level, Freud calls the unconscious; and the latter's definition of consciousness is equivalent to Rivers' epicritic process.

Freud, however, has gone much further and has beyond question made the greatest single contribution to the whole subject of man's mental and emotional life. His discovery of the unconscious mechanisms, of exhibitionism, narcissism, masochism and sadism, is of enormous value to every human being, and from the hour that you comprehend them, you can give up these imps, ceasing to take pride or joy in exhibiting either your charms of body or your smartness of mind, giving up your vanity over your own physical possessions and mental prowess, hating your tendencies to self-pity and to cruelty, and thus maturing beyond these infantile levels of emotion.

But you can do more than this, for Freud has emphasized the long-hidden sexual factor in abnormal behaviour, and if you follow his teaching, it will help you to see subversive, erotic tendencies in thought and feeling that you had considered faultlessly pure.

The average reader finds men like Krafft-Ebing too difficult to follow as he pursues the involved emotional states of nether consciousness. However important his researches are to the student of the subject, the general reader discovers Havelock Ellis of greater value, with his clearer and more direct explanation of the factors of sex in the centres of consciousness. Few men have had saner attitudes towards the whole subject of man's subliminal urgings. If you read and agree with Ellis, you will cast out all feelings of shame and prudery and experience great compassion towards the personal problems of your fellow-men.

Carl Jung, one of the most important of Freud's followers, has expanded his research into the unconscious to parallel that of Plato, who emphasized the importance of the race mind. Jung's concept of the collective unconscious is a modern form of the ancient Greek's teaching. But to those interested in culture and the fine arts, indeed to those who would understand the mystical depths of their own beings, there is no more important inquiry. Jung shows that in our nether depths there is always the great battle of the life- and death-wishes. We are always either on the life or the death side. He has spent years in the most important type of research into the meaning of the great myths and sagas, interpreting what Swedenborg called the Arcana of man's inner consciousness. And like Swedenborg, he has found the same curious divisions of personality, our masculine and feminine prototypes. Following early French writers, who first propounded the ideas of introvert and extravert, and developing the researches of Jordan, in England, he has expanded the search into man's types of attention—introverted and extraverted—making clear that there are varieties of individuals concerned with how mankind affects life, and others more sensitive to how life affects mankind.

Jung calls this centrifugal and centripetal thinking and shows that each is equally valuable. None who understands these terms can accept the moralistic re-valuing of them done by some American psychologists. The extravert is just as likely to be selfish as the introvert. The terms have been defined since 1851,

and no one has a right to attribute egocentricity exclusively to the introvert or to see him as more of an egotist than the extravert. Practically all the great geniuses, particularly those concerned with creative forms of expression, have been introverts. Thus to attribute greedy motives and self-absorption to the introvert is nothing short of ridiculous. It is he who is so sensitive to how life affects others that he can best understand them, and in many cases the extravert is selfish in his actions because he may be unable to see the effect of his conduct on others, or to understand their needs.

An even more important contribution in the matter of mental types may be attributed to E. Kretschmer, in connection with his study of physique and character. The student of psychology finds in Kretschmer's two basic temperaments—the cycloid and the schizoid—a satisfactory explanation of the big patterns of conduct. The cycloid lives closely in relation to the environment, and is dependent upon it for stimulus. When all goes well, he is in a state of keen appreciation of the actual values of life, for he is in every sense a realist. The schizoid, on the other hand, lives in his stream of consciousness. He is what we call an autist; idealistic, tender-minded, hypersensitive and likely to crash into states of torpor and anaesthesia, just as the cycloid swings from exhilaration to depression, when life interferes with his normal mental functioning.

The real value to the general reader is not in these nice distinctions, but in the emotional tone that develops from the realization that there are such things as types

and temperaments, and that the individual has a right to be himself and to live after his own pattern. He must, let us admit, develop qualities of his opposing type, but not until he has expanded his own variety of selfhood. It would have been foolish to have asked Wagner to become a practical, conservative banker, or to expect Shelley to take up chemical engineering. It is just as foolish to insist that creative and self-generative types become realistic and objectively practical.

The important thing is for the individual to grow and to continue to grow, and here is where Stanley Hall made his most valuable contribution. In his study of adolescence, he showed the sensitivity in the mind of youth, the importance of sanity in handling the responsive nature of the human mind. He emphasized the need of continual education and consistent development, else with senescence premature senility may appear.

A. G. Tansley, in England, has simplified and humanized a great deal of psychology that up to his time was abstract and complex. A compatriot of his, J. A. Hadfield, has gone still further in making clear how and why you can sublimate the more primitive aspects of your nature and by casting out the devil of barbarism find the higher octaves of all phases of personal expression.

After all, it is only in clinical work that the living individual is to be known. Mere abstractions of personality are revealed under all types of instrumental

measurement. Where men and women are dealt with in their everyday problems, oppressed by their doubts and dreads, worried by their struggle for existence, and confused by their emotions and longings, the reality values of personality appear.

We none of us know how often we engage in negative thinking, or how much personal pride in our egos affects everything we do or say. Someone disagrees with us. We immediately see red. This is not really caring for the truth of the matter, but for our own superiority. Truth and life are continually lost in this blind and negative approach to every question. We build for ourselves mountains of negativity and then sit weeping at the foot, certain that we can never surmount them. Society helps us in this sad work, and money, as its symbol, drives us ever deeper into despair.

David Seabury believes that neurosis is the turning of the dynamic forces of each one of us inward because of social ignorance and pressure. As we are all primarily creative, the blockage of our drive for expansion forces the death-feeling into consciousness. As we become ever aware of our weaknesses, inhibition takes control of us and we spend our energy restraining what we consider our faults. Our real atavistic tendencies then loom larger, and the negative death-attitude enters our every thought.

Like all men who have probed beyond the meanings given to words by society, Seabury says that there is no such thing as a good or a bad human quality.

Each one is simply capable of positive or negative expression. The sex drive can be sex or love, death or life; fear can be terror or caution; rage either anger or courage; wonder an idle curiosity or creative imagination. To find the higher outlet, the positive expression, and so to train the nature that it is no longer driven by the negative or primitive forms of character, is to lay a foundation for a new ethics, since it answers the critics of the new psychology, who have claimed there is no way to control human nature except through inhibition and repression.

One of the most basic teachings in psychology is that of the stimulus-response bond. A seed may lie dormant for centuries if it is devoid of moisture, warmth and the chemicals of the soil. It grows only a white, pale, brittle stalk if it sprouts in darkness. So too with human personality. It is not your fault if devilish abnormalities have taken possession of you as the result of evil or inadequate environmental influence, but you can, if you will, free your character from the negative imagery and suppressive attitudes which distort your disposition and make it into a constructive influence over your character.

You must, as Adler has shown, understand how your ego has become involved, what inferiority feeling has been set up, what your position was in the home and its relation to the other children there. You must, as Fritz Künkel taught, discover your enthronement and what egocentricity has developed. But you cannot become just anything you want to, as some of the

individual psychologists have insisted. In the very symbol of the seed, in the very idea of entelechy or fulfilment, the concept of limitation and differentiation exists. You are a unique individual, capable only of certain achievements, gifted with distinct powers and marked by definite limitations.

This living, vital organism can grow and expand even as every vegetable and animal can fulfil its potentiality. Your test is to free yourself from everything that hinders you from growing into life. Your possibilities, as J. H. Robinson has shown, are for continual evolution. You may start growth from the animal mind through the child mind and the savage mind to the civilized mind. While there has always been a cultural lag in man's progress through these historical layers, they need not hold you back if you will not let them do so.

To make a permanent change, you must declare yourself as a living personality, and while adapting to the social order, refuse every constricting influence it tends to put upon you. In his great book on the social basis of consciousness, Trigant Burrow explains that a rigid belief in right and wrong, as taught in every day and age, is a misleading delusion, almost an insanity. He calls it a "bidimensional social psychosis."

If you would be free, you must cast out the devil of moral fixation and with G. Tarde realize that most of the constricting patterns and shibboleths are mere external traditions. Customs are built on the laws of imitation and rarely contain vitality. Thorstein Veb-

len counsels us to debunk our traditions and to dare to set ourselves free of the Moloch of social ignorance as it is entrenched in the customs, conventions and standards of our time.

This way lies freedom, peace and continual expansion.